12613 b 31

THE AMICABLE QUIXOTE;

OR,

THE ENTHUSIASM OF FRIENDSHIP.

VOL. I.

THE AMICABLE QUIXOTE;

OR,

THE ENTHUSIASM OF FRIENDSHIP.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Tout doit tendre au bon ſens; mais pour y parvenir
Le chemin eſt gliſſant et pénible à tenir.

BOILEAU.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. WALTER, CHARING-CROSS.

M.DCC.LXXXVIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PREFACE.

AFTER the production of thoſe immortal fictions, the Atchievements of Don Quixote, the Adventures of Gil Blas, the hiſtories by Fielding, with others of great excellence, Who can hope to obtain even a leaf of that laurel conferred upon the genius and the wit of ſo many ages?

I think it neceſſary to declare, that nothing but the experience of having frequently beheld new characters in new ſituations would induce me to preſent the following pages to the public. What Rochefoucault * ſays of ſelf-love may be very

* Quelques découvertes que l'on ait faites dans le pays de l'amour propre, il y reſte encore bien des terres inconnues.

correctly applied to knowledge of the world; and, I ſhall be highly gratified, if my readers allow that I have traced undiſcovered lineaments, either lurking in the depths of the heart or floating on the ſurface of the diſpoſition.

If any praiſe ſhould be granted to my preſent undertaking, I ſhall, with pleaſure, ſurvey the choice of an amuſement which I have choſen during the opportunities afforded me in my leiſure hours.

From the commendations of the ladies, *for whom works of this kind are generally written*, I hope to derive that ſanction and encouragement, which have the moſt powerful influence in a refined and a lettered age; but, I ſhall yet eſtimate as the higheſt recompence I can receive, the favourable ſuffrages of thoſe judges who allow that I

have excited a reverence towards virtue and a deteſtation of vice; for, I have invariably conſidered, that every virtuous reader, who poſſeſſes powers of genuine criticiſm, if he peruſes a compoſition without obtaining ſome inſtruction, as well as ſome pleaſure,

" Fares like the man, who firſt upon the ground
" A glow-worm ſpy'd, ſuppoſing he had found
" A moving diamond, a breathing ſtone,
" (For life it had, and like thoſe jewels ſhone;)
" He held it dear, till, by the ſpringing day
" Inform'd, he threw the worthleſs worm away."

WALLER.

THE

AMICABLE QUIXOTE.

CHAP. I.

The laws of ſocial benevolence require that every man ſhould endeavour to aſſiſt others by his experience. He that has at laſt eſcaped into port from the fluctuations of chance, and the guſts of oppoſition, ought to make ſome improvements in the chart of life, by marking the rocks on which he has been daſhed, and the ſhallows where he has been ſtranded.

RAMBLER, Vol. IV. N° 174.

SIR Harry Hyndley and his lady had long flouriſhed in the moſt ſplendid ſcenes of faſhionable magnificence. During twenty years they had graced the annals of matrimony by the beſt-bred diſſen-

ſion, which, foſtered by acrimony and time, at length expanded into the moſt reputable ſpecies of conjugal and reciprocal deteſtation. Lady Hyndley was childiſhly fond of inordinate and frivolous pleaſure; ſhe was one of thoſe common characters who are never happy but in a crowd. Sir Harry, who had a perſon uncommonly fine, was a groſs voluptuary, depraved in principles, riotous in enjoyment, without wit, without ſentiment, without elegance. They had no children to promote fondneſs, or to check hatred. Separate companions, and ſeparate pleaſures, were the natural conſequences of their polite alienation; and among the friends ſelected by Lady Hyndley as her favourites, ſhe particularly diſtinguiſhed a ſtudent of Oxford. Sir Stephen Bruce was an intimate friend

of

of Sir Harry Hyndley, who was intruſted with the care of his ſon during the reſidence of Sir Stephen in Scotland.

The young man, therefore, paſſed every vacation, and every leiſure hour, with Lady Hyndley. He received her attentions with gratitude, but gave no encouragement to thoſe kindneſſes which were laviſhed with more tenderneſs than propriety. Her ladyſhip was not old, but was yet "*touched by* "*the tender hand of mellowing time.*" She was, perhaps, at that age indicated by Voltaire, when he ſays "*L'amour eſt le* "*plus grand des maux quand il n'eſt le plus* "*grand des biens.*" The object of her partiality was placed next her in every company, with an ill-bred and rude preference of him to people of higher rank and unqueſtionable ſuperiority. At table ſhe

always fed him with the niceſt *morceaux*, culled with ſolicitous delicacy from the moſt exquiſite diſhes. He attended her to all places of public amuſement, and to every private party, where, from his frequent appearance, he ſoon became an accuſtomed gueſt. This intimacy occaſioned many hints and ſneers; but the rigid propriety, and occaſional coldneſs, exhibited by Bruce, whenever Lady Hyndley's friendſhip became too fervid, effectually prevented every other ill conſequence but the diſpleaſure of Sir Harry. Weary of conjectures, the truth of which they could not aſcertain, the attentive friends of Lady Hyndley thought it neceſſary "*not to know what to think.*"

George Bruce, the ſon of Sir Stephen Bruce, was bred at Eton, and had ſtudied at Queen's for three years. At the age of twenty-one

twenty-one he was entitled to a ſmall independent fortune, left him by a relation of his mother. Lady Bruce was married when very young to Sir Stephen, who being of a diſpoſition untameably ferocious, treated his wife with cruelty, and his ſon with oppreſſion. They had little intercourſe; for Sir Stephen denied his ſon that income to which his rank entitled him, and prohibited any correſpondence between George and his mother.

The perſon of Bruce was formed with that happy mixture of maſculine firmneſs and graceful elegance which a painter would chooſe for the repreſentation of manly beauty: he was not ſlim, but was perfectly *arrondi*. His eyes dark, ſparkling, and intelligent; his voice clear and

energetic; his manners regulated by that invariable eaſe which is the characteriſtic of high-breeding. Though his intellectual capacity was uncommonly great, he was yet an eccentric mixture of romantic ſentiment and volatile careleſſneſs.

He was like Anthony, "*for his bounty* "*there was no winter in't*;" and his munificence was not confined to the mere ſplendour of indolent donation, but was diſplayed in aſſiduous endeavours to ſerve and aſſiſt. One favourite propenſity, the effect of a noble diſpoſition, had often led him into ridiculous ſituations, by which he was expoſed to the laughter of his acquaintance; this was the *enthuſiaſm of friendſhip*, which glowed in his heart with ſuch uncommon rapture and ſuch inva-

riable

riable philanthropy, that his whole ſtudy was to admire every one he knew of both ſexes, and to bind himſelf to them by the ſtrongeſt ties of inviolable attachment. Bruce had engraved upon his mind all thoſe ſublime and glittering precepts of poets and philoſophers, which generally aggrandize ſentimental effuſion, and conſecrate diſintereſted regard, without inſuring or cementing any ſolid friendſhip. By an unwearied endeavour to ſerve and to oblige, he had attracted the admiration of many individuals who were incapable of ſtability in their reſolutions, or ſuavity in their diſpoſitions, and thus, by a pliant acquieſcence, he had kept ſecure poſſeſſion of their favour. Ever ardent to cultivate the good-will of mankind, fearful of offending, and ambitious of poſſeſſing an unlimited ac-

quaintance, he perhaps ſometimes forfeited his dignity, and diſgraced his abilities, by a blind ſubmiſſion to the *dictamina* of his companions.

Such was the man who by rigid cenſors was called the *minion* of Lady Hyndley, and whom Sir Harry would have been happy to repulſe without injury or injuſtice. He doubted not but that he was a gallant ſuitor for his lady's favours, and therefore wanted nothing but due proweſs to diſmiſs his gueſt. The exceſſive cordiality and politeneſs of Bruce rendered the attempt unſucceſsful. He perpetually expreſſed ſuch a regard for his hoſt, ſuch a high ſenſe of the ties of friendſhip, that it was almoſt impoſſible to inſult a man, who every hour exhibited in his behaviour new inſtances of amiable beneficence.

Sir Harry at laſt apprehended, that ſince her ladyſhip was ſo hoſpitable, it might not ill become him to imitate her generoſity with equal ardour. Previous, therefore, to Bruce's next viſit, he gave orders for a chamber to be got ready, and preparations to be made, for the reception of a lady who had before frequently viſited Lady H. He went out the next morning, and returned in his carriage with a young lady, whoſe elegant deportment and animated beauty intereſted every one in her favour, and deprecated that averſion which all felt at this ſingular introduction. Sir Harry preſented her to Lady Hyndley with theſe words; "I muſt intreat that *you* will be as "affectionate to your female friends as I "have been. I introduce this lady to you "as a woman I value *next to yourſelf*; I "ſhall

"ſhall be happy to give our friend Bruce "ſo agreeable a companion; his fidelity "and attachment to our houſe deſerve our "beſt endeavours to make it agreeable to "him." Her ladyſhip felt the ſneer, but prudently reſiſted the impulſe to reſent it. She received her new gueſt civilly, and, to the aſtoniſhment of every one, Miſs Bryant was allowed by her own friends, and prevailed upon by Sir Harry, to remain ſome time in his family.

The next day Bruce arrived. He was, as uſual, received with that prodigality of friendſhip, which he knew ſo well how to recompenſe and to retain; his anxious endeavours to pleaſe revived all thoſe ſentiments in his favour which had perpetually influenced the whole family; and ſuch were his powers of exciting eſteem, that even Sir Harry

Harry reproached himſelf for thinking with ſeverity of ſo amiable a companion.

The intimacies of Bruce were formed upon principles very different from thoſe which cement ordinary friendſhips. The faults, follies, and foibles of their acquaintance, are frequently the inducements which bring together people of a *gregarious* diſpoſition, and viſitors who furniſh ample food for cenſure and laughter are often received with open arms: Bruce, on the contrary, found in the ſlighteſt acquaintance ſome virtue or ſome recommendation; and he carried his reverence for their qualities to a ludicrous height. On all other ſubjects he converſed rationally, and ſometimes elegantly; but as ſoon as the enthuſiaſm of friendſhip was excited, it overwhelmed his diſcretion, and clouded his perſpicacity.

When

When Sir Harry introduced him to Miſs Bryant, with ſome forced encomiums on his high character for cordiality in friendſhips, Bruce readily quitted the beaten track of cuſtomary compliment, to launch out into his favourite ſubject. "I have "been often amazed, Mr. Bruce, at the "number of your acquaintance; how do "you manage to attach and to preſerve ſo "numerous a body of people? I think I "have met with very few who are in poſſeſ-"ſion of ſo many connections."——"Very "few, indeed, Sir Harry; I pique myſelf "with ſome reaſon, I believe, on the wide "circle to which I am allied; my preſent "complement is—let me ſee—Eighty—"then, fifty Hampſhire—ſix at Scilly—"the privy counſellor's three aunts—four-"teen—Ay, ay—the preſent complement is

"one

" one hundred and fifty-three: to which add " my nineteen intimates in Ruſſia, whom I " never ſaw, and you will not find me *very* " deſtitute." The company ſmiled, and Sir Harry was pleaſed with the amicable phrenzy: " I wonder how you can endure " ſome of the odd traits which I think you " muſt occaſionally meet with in ſome " characters, and eſpecially where neither " your intereſt nor your pleaſure is con- " cerned."——" Pardon me, Sir Harry, " I have not a ſingle friend, but who poſ- " ſeſſes ſome valuable talent; even the " moſt common acquaintance I acknow- " ledge is dear to me by the ſuperiority of " ſome ſplendid merit; and I conſider my " integrity and judgment equally pledged " for the diſcovery of his virtues."—— " A diſcernment leſs than your's, Mr.

" Bruce,

" Bruce, could never deſcry any real worth " in your new friend Sir Dudley Drone, a " man abſolutely devoid of all ideas, and " who ſeems born for no other purpoſe but " to ſleep: he neither gives nor receives " pleaſure; he is ignorant, indolent, and " abſent; in ſhort, I never ſaw a man leſs " *companionable.*"——" Ah! dear ſir, you " know not half his merits; he is neither " paſſionate, arrogant, nor impertinent; " he hears every thing which is ſaid in " every company with the moſt patient at- " tention; he never raiſes your expecta- " tions of his abilities too high, and of " courſe never diſappoints you; ſo far " from aſſuming any character which he " is unequal to, I have paſſed a week in " his ſociety at his own houſe, and never " heard him ſpeak the whole time."——

" 'Pon

" 'Pon my word, a moſt agreeable man!
" Well then, there's another acquaintance
" of your's I once met, Bob Panic, who is
" always plaguing people with fears for
" their health, *becauſe he has not ſeen them*
" *ſo long*, though it often happens that he
" has dined with them the day before; the
" laſt time I encountered him he went
" through all the ſymptoms of gout, palſy,
" and pleuriſy, to prove to me that I had
" got a bilious fever."——" Sir, I hardly
" know a more excellent man than Bob
" Panic; his only failing is, that he diſ-
" treſſes his own mind for the welfare of
" his friends, in which, perhaps, he a little
" reſembles me; his anxiety if he does not
" often ſee you; his ſolicitude to ſuggeſt
" means for your being better than you
" are, even if you are ever ſo well; his

" caution in not ſuffering you to deceive
" yourſelf into an opinion of being in
" health becauſe you look ſo, or feel ſo;
" and, above all, his power of magnifying
" every misfortune and every danger, that
" you may be quite prepared againſt it;
" theſe, Sir, ſpeak a man a true friend, and
" I, who have ſo often experienced his
" bounties, muſt always reverence my good
" friend Bob Panic."——" You ſpeak
" very highly of him, which is ſurely more
" than you can do of his brother-in-law
" Ned Schiſm."——" Pardon me, I think
" him one of the moſt uſeful and equitable
" characters I know; he is famous for ce-
" menting thoſe friendſhips which by ſome
" unlucky perverſeneſs or miſunderſtand-
" ing have been ſeparated; and his great
" merit is, that he never allows people

who

" who have quarrelled to meet with a view
" to reconciliation, till he has made all
" parties acquainted with the mutual aſpe-
" rity which both have exhibited in each
" other's abſence; he has a noble memory
" and he is always able to relate, with in-
" credible accuracy, the whole vocabulary
" of abuſes and menaces which he has
" collected from either ſide, together with
" all the different ſhades of inſinuation
" and figures of abhorrence: thus you ſee
" every one acts under reciprocal convic-
" tion and cannot again give way to the
" violence of their temper, with the ſalvo
" of having been trepanned into good will
" *under falſe pretences.*"——

" Well, Sir, theſe people have doubt-
" leſs great recommendations, and they
" are much ſuperior to another man, whoſe

" want of education and good ſenſe would,
" I ſhould apprehend, totally preclude an
" intimacy between you; I mean Peter
" Le Pied."——" Bleſs me, Sir Harry,
" he is one for whom I have a very ſin-
" cere regard, as well for his elegant ac-
" compliſhments as for his manly virtues:
" Sir, he is the beſt dancer I know! he
" treads moſt learnedly; he cannot aſk
" you how you do, but you may ſee
" he has been taught to dance! Even his
" mind, Sir, is always moving in an intel-
" lectual minuet; all the world know it;
" his fame might entitle him to a dancing
" diploma for opening every ball he goes
" to; and I doubt not but his minuteſt *pas*
" will reach poſterity: then his temper is
" as flexible as his toes; he bows benevo-
" lently; there is a kind of probity in his
" mode

" mode of being true to the time whenever
" he exhibits: he keeps time ſo much bet-
" ter than——" " He keeps his word—
" which he will, I believe, break to his
" deareſt friend, upon the moſt ſolemn oc-
" caſion."—— " Sir Harry, we are not all
" perfect; and, I think myſelf bound by
" every tie of agility, to maintain the friend-
" ſhip of Peter Le Pied."——" And pray,
" Mr. Bruce, give me leave to aſk, Are
" the motives equally cogent which united
" you in friendſhip with Billy Tipple, the
" meagre toaſtmaſter, who drinks three
" bottles in an hour?"——" Certainly! It
" is not his intemperance that I admire;
" no, Sir Harry, it is his valour and forti-
" tude; it is reſolution exhibited upon
" many occaſions, that ſhews him to be
" poſſeſſed of a genuine courage which

" marks the truly brave: my poor praiſes,
" however, would be faint, if you could
" once ſee him in his proper ſphere, if you
" could view him glowing with natural
" ardour, and with unſhaken firmneſs; for
" inſtance now, if you ſaw him take phy-
" ſic! Ah! Sir Harry, the proweſs with
" which he ſwallowed two pills and a ſa-
" line draught! Never ſhall I forget, when
" ſtruggling with a cold, which he got by
" ſhaving in a hard froſt, how he ſpurned,
" with a generous indignation, the reme-
" dies of abſtinence, which his great ſoul
" could not brook! No, Sir, with that un-
" daunted ſpirit which he may ſo juſtly
" boaſt, he encountered a ſudorific potion
" of white wine whey; he then went to
" ſleep, ſubmitting for four hours and an
" half to the ignominious bondage of the
" bed-

" bed-chamber: his fever abated; but his " mind, Sir, was neither elevated by ſuc- " ceſs, nor ſunk by impriſonment; no " longer, then, let us ſay with a malignant " and narrow prejudice, that

" Heroes are much the ſame, the point's agreed,
" From Macedonia's madman to the Swede."

" Far be it from thoſe who are illumined " by the rays of Tipple's heroiſm; far be " it from ſuch to deny that a great mind " may exiſt in a ſlight perſon: let every " one diſpoſed to carp at lofty deeds con- " ſult the annals of my friend Tipple's " courage and conduct; let them remem- " ber his atchievements, and gladly offer that " portion of praiſe which is ſo juſtly due to " the chevalier *ſans peur & ſans reproche.*"

The novelty of Bruce's predominating enthuſiaſm afforded Miſs Bryant infinite

entertainment; but ſhe ſaw, or thought ſhe ſaw, in him ſomething more intereſting than the peculiarity which he then exhibited: this ſentiment, whatever it was, ſhe too ſtudiouſly endeavoured to conceal. When the ladies retired to coffee, Miſs Bryant noticed Bruce's frailty: "What a ri-"diculous propenſity! nothing ſo ill be-"comes a man as to proclaim the imbe-"cillity of his own mind; the handſomeſt "man in the world muſt ſuffer from ſo "dark a ſhade in his character: no, I "could never bear Mr. Bruce, even if he "ſaid or thought the civilleſt things of "me."

Lady Hyndley was ſtruck with the briſk cenſure from a girl not of a ſatirical diſpoſition. "You are ſevere upon my friend, "and really without reaſon, for I doubt

"not

" not but he is ſincere in whatever he " ſays; and if you conſider how valuable a " true friend is, you will reſpect his zeal, " and honour his fidelity."——" I ſhall " think much better of him, Madam, ſince " he is ſo ably defended; and, like you, I " ſhall make it no leſs my duty than my " pleaſure to *contemplate* his little peculiari- " ties."——" If you favour us with your " company during his reſidence with us, " you will have leiſure for permitting Mr. " Bruce to increaſe the number of his " friends; and I preſume you have no one " in your family who would object to " your knowing the world by ſtudying " characters."——" Your ladyſhip is little " acquainted with me, and ſtill leſs with " my friends, if you ſuppoſe they would

" not be anxious on the ſubject of my
" uſurping attentions, to which I have no
" claim: I ſhall ſeriouſly conſider myſelf
" ſelected pointedly as the object of your
" ridicule and diſapprobation, if you think I
" do not thoroughly contemn Mr. Bruce's
" affected raptures; and, whatever excel-
" lence you may ſee in them, nothing can
" be more remote from my diſpoſition than
" to lend my praiſe to ſuch empty ſen-
" timents."——" You are the firſt perſon
" who has not ſeen ſomething amiable even
" in his errors."——" Dear Ma'am, I am
" not obliged to be watching every body's
" virtues; my own go very well, and can
" never want to be regulated by the dial
" of every moraliſt I meet."——" But,
" why imagine that the dial is ſo incor-
" rect?"

" rect?"——" Not at all, Madam; he is " very true, and tells how love flies, that " is, if you ſhine upon him."

Bruce and Sir Harry came in. The latter, who was an intemperate feeder, had drank inordinately. He reeled up to Miſs Bryant. " My dear Emily, rob me of my " bottle, if I don't love thee; I do, 'faith! " I'll have ſome coffee; it ſhall be ſtrong " as your ſenſe: I'll put milk enough in to " make it as ſoft, and ſugar enough to make " it as ſweet as your diſpoſition." Miſs Bryant was much confuſed at his improper behaviour. Lady Hyndley coloured, and told Bruce, in a whiſper, to perſuade Sir Harry to behave with due decorum. " Alas! Ma- " dam, it is the buſineſs of my life to make " friends; judge then, if I can be ſo weak " as to tell them when they expoſe them- " ſelves?"

" ſelves."——" But, my friend, is there " not ſome very gentle manner in which " you, with your uſual good ſenſe, could " convey a reproof?"——" Dear Madam, " no good ſenſe ever conveyed a reproof: " I ſee Sir Harry is totally wrong, there- " fore the laſt thing that will cure him is a " reprimand. If he was ſober, and in the " right, he might, no doubt, be eaſily per- " ſuaded to alter his conduct." Lady Hyndley interfered, and at laſt prevailed upon Sir Harry to ſit down and drink his coffee. " Well, I will be perſuaded and " good-natured! 'Faith your ladyſhip looks " very well to-night; how I ſhould love " you if you were not married! hey, Lady " Hyndley?—Nay; don't bluſh now, for " it looks as if you underſtood me, and " that I dare ſay you would not do for the " world;

" world; beſides, I have ſuch ideas of the " ſacred purity of women's delicacy, that " I am ſhocked to ſee them renounce the " ſmalleſt particle of it.—Ah! Emily, my " love! well, how do all do at home? Is Sir " Edward pretty well, and Lady Bryant, " and young Mr. Bryant? How do they " all go on there? What a pretty, nice, " little creature you are, Emily! I dare ſay " your mother is very fond of you.——— " Now, Mr. Bruce, I have drank my " coffee, let's all go and take a ſtroll to " the Opera; come—let us—let us."

The reſt of the party declined it, conſidering Sir Harry's ſituation; he only darted a look of vengeance at his lady for preventing the expedition, and then went off himſelf. The evening paſſed very agreeably, from the mutual endeavours of

Bruce

Bruce and Miſs Bryant to contribute to the pleaſure of Lady Hyndley, who had juſt prudence enough to be pleaſed with her company, when it was her intereſt not to offend them; a ſpecies of diſcretion not always diſplayed by perſons *apparently* much wiſer than her ladyſhip: in the *charlatannerie* of ſelf-conceit, thoſe who aſpire at ſuperiority may, without any one requiſite for a valuable character, without ſenſe, wiſdom, good-humour, or politeneſs, ſoar above their companions by petulant and ſolicitous diſdain.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

To be cut off by the ſword of injured friendſhip is the moſt dreadful of all deaths next to ſuicide.

CLARISSA.

THE elegant beauties of Emily Bryant had attracted the admiration of Bruce ſoon after his arrival at Sir Harry Hyndley's. She was juſt eighteen; her perſon finely formed, rather majeſtic and lofty, than inſinuating and complacent: her accompliſhments were various, her attachments violent, and her friendſhip indiſſoluble. She loved to oblige, but ſhe loved alſo to controul; and ſhe had blended, with a high ſenſe of her own ſuperior abilities, a ſpirit of reſolute firmneſs and unyielding dignity. She entertained the moſt

moſt noble ſentiments of virtue and had very high ideas of propriety; but, this ſenſe of decorum would ſometimes evaporate in the vindication of her own liberty. Her perfections, therefore, excited rather admiration than tenderneſs; her influence was that of irreſiſtible ſway, not of artleſs allurement. When Bruce firſt ſaw her, he was "*awe ſtruck*,

"And as he paſs'd he worſhipp'd*."

At the next interview he converſed with her as a pleaſant companion, without expecting any information or any uncommon talents. Her accompliſhments ſurpriſed him; her knowledge of the fine arts; the elegance with which ſhe ſpoke; the taſte with which ſhe ſung; the judgment with which ſhe decided. He had

* Comus.

 ſeen

ſeen many women poſſeſſed of ſingle excellence but never had found ſo many qualities with ſo little pedantry. Emily was never arrogant on the ſubject of her talents, and ſhe was ſeldom otherwiſe in the ſupport of her humours. She gave her opinions with the moſt inſinuating humility; ſhe uttered her commands with imperious vehemence. The family of Sir Edward Bryant were much afraid of her attracting admirers unequal to her in fortune or in rank. She was loved by her father, and her mother indulged her in ſome caprices which ought to have been rectified in her early years. Adrian degl' Uberti, a foreigner of diiſtnction, was the firſt ſuitor who aſpired at the hand of Emily Bryant. His ſkill in muſic was incomparably great. He touched, *with flying fingers*, the harp and the

organ.

organ. Every hearer was enraptured at the melody, which his delicate taſte and exquiſite ſkill always produced. But, with his harmony ended his power of entertainment. Dull and inſenſible to all the charms of intellectual ſupremacy, he was very ill calculated to excite the tenderneſs and eſteem of ſuch a miſtreſs as Emily. She admired his melody, but when the muſic was finiſhed, quitted him with readineſs. Succeſſive admirers approached; ſome with diſtant awe, ſome with pert familiarity, and others with elegant ſoftneſs. But all theſe were either the ſport, or the objects of deteſtation, in the mind of Miſs Bryant.

In a few days, Sir Harry rode out. Bruce remained all the morning with Lady Hyndley, who was not very well,

and

and Miſs Bryant was retired to her own apartment. About three o'clock Sir Harry was inquired for by a young lady, who deſired, if he was not at home, ſhe might be permitted to wait for him. She was ſhewn into a room, and Bruce, hearing of it, had the curioſity to paſs through, in order to take a view of her. Her form was noble, heightened by all the charms of natural beauty, but in her countenance appeared a ferocious and ghaſtly gloom, which inſpired the beholder with horror and diſmay. She had with her a beautiful child, who ſeemed about nine years old, whom, when Bruce entered, ſhe was preſſing to her boſom with convulſions of anguiſh, while the tears ſtreamed inceſſantly from her eyes. The boy ſhewed a lively ſenſe of his mother's ſorrow; his heart ſwelled with tumultuous

agony, and he kiſſed the tears from her eyes without being able to ſpeak comfort to her. She roſe at Bruce's entrance, and, with much confuſion, endeavoured to recover herſelf. He advanced very reſpectfully, and addreſſed her with a tenderneſs which was one of the predominant features of his character: "I find myſelf "reprehenſible, Madam, in thus intruding "upon your ſorrows; had I known there "was a ſtranger in diſtreſs, nothing would "have prevailed upon me to interrupt you "but the certainty that I could mitigate "your affliction." The lady during ſome time ſtruggled for utterance; ſhe at laſt overcame the conflict of fierceneſs and miſery: "I thank you, Sir, for the benevolent "expreſſions to which I have no claim "from a ſtranger; my wiſh to ſee Sir

"Harry

" Harry Hyndley has, perhaps, made *me* an
" intruder. I ſhould be ſorry to intereſt
" any of his friends in my misfortunes, by
" an improper and unauthoriſed applica-
" tion to them on the ſubject of my pre-
" ſent requeſt. *My* woes are too common
" to excite admiration and too keen to
" admit remedy. You may yet, Sir, do
" me a very great ſervice by concealing
" from Sir Harry that he is wanted by one
" in miſery, and by directing him to be
" brought into this room when he returns."
——" I perceive, Madam, you are little
" acquainted with me; you are ignorant
" that my name is Bruce. Do you now
" know me, Madam? Do you not recog-
" nize in me the friend of all mankind?
" Every body's brother; the humble efforts

agony, and he kiſſed the tears from her eyes without being able to ſpeak comfort to her. She roſe at Bruce's entrance, and, with much confuſion, endeavoured to recover herſelf. He advanced very reſpectfully, and addreſſed her with a tenderneſs which was one of the predominant features of his character: "I find myſelf "reprehenſible, Madam, in thus intruding "upon your ſorrows; had I known there "was a ſtranger in diſtreſs, nothing would "have prevailed upon me to interrupt you "but the certainty that I could mitigate "your affliction." The lady during ſome time ſtruggled for utterance; ſhe at laſt overcame the conflict of fierceneſs and miſery: "I thank you, Sir, for the benevolent "expreſſions to which I have no claim "from a ſtranger; my wiſh to ſee Sir

"Harry

"Harry Hyndley has, perhaps, made *me* an "intruder. I ſhould be ſorry to intereſt "any of his friends in my misfortunes, by "an improper and unauthoriſed applica- "tion to them on the ſubject of my pre- "ſent requeſt. *My* woes are too common "to excite admiration and too keen to "admit remedy. You may yet, Sir, do "me a very great ſervice by concealing "from Sir Harry that he is wanted by one "in miſery, and by directing him to be "brought into this room when he returns."

——"I perceive, Madam, you are little "acquainted with me; you are ignorant "that my name is Bruce. Do you now "know me, Madam? Do you not recog- "nize in me the friend of all mankind? "Every body's brother; the humble efforts

"I have made to eſtabliſh amity, and to "dignify friendſhip, the nobleſt of all ſen- "ſentiments, have they never reached "you?" The lady, who could by no means comprehend the tenor of his diſ- courſe, ſat ſilent for a few minutes; ſhe then recollected herſelf, and replied: "Of "friendſhip, Sir, I have known ſo little, "that every thing reſpecting it is new to "me but the ſound; you profeſs yourſelf "every body's friend, and I may, therefore, "hope to be included in your good wiſhes. "Pardon me if I ſay I neither expect or "deſire any thing more; I have been ſo "long a ſtranger to all the tender offices "of friendſhip and humanity, that I now "only wiſh for ſullen ſolitude; and I in- "treat you will not involve yourſelf in the

"gloom

"gloom of my miſeries, but leave me to "indulge the wretchedneſs I am accuſ- "tomed to."

Bruce would have ſoothed her violent lamentations, but ſhe ſo vehemently inſiſted upon his quitting her, that he thought proper at laſt to retire.

In an hour Sir Harry returned. A ſervant, who opened the door of the room where the lady waited, obſerved him ſtart at ſeeing her. "Is it poſſible!" was his exclamation as he entered, but he checked himſelf, and the ſervant could hear no more. They continued in the room above half an hour, when a violent ſhriek ſummoned the attention of every one near: Bruce, Lady Hyndley, Miſs Bryant, and a train of ſervants, ran into the room, where they beheld Sir Harry ſupporting himſelf

againſt a window, and as they entered he fell ſpeechleſs on the floor: the lady was thrown on a ſofa, her cloaths bloody, and in her hand a knife, with which ſhe had wounded herſelf and Sir Harry Hyndley. The child was ſcreaming in an agony of horror, and claſping the arm of his mother, who wrung his hand with looks of frantic deſpair. When ſhe perceived Lady Hyndley, ſhe attempted to ſpeak, and, after ſome efforts, delivered theſe words in a trembling yet emphatical voice:

"On a wretch who has deprived me of "my fame and my innocence, by whoſe "villainy I was precipitated from ſecure "happineſs to the gulph of infamy and "wretchedneſs, on that monſter I have ob-"tained the vengeance which my honour "demanded. Execrations would now be

"vain

" vain and ungenerous; but ſomething is
" due to my own fame, and I ought to de-
" clare, that he miſled me, not by the de-
" pravity of my own paſſions, but by my
" love for him. He attached my heart
" when I was a ſtranger to guile, and led
" me through all the varieties of ungovern-
" able fondneſs by inſidious adulation; he
" then reſigned me to diſgrace and indi-
" gence, when I had no one to aſſiſt me
" but my God, or to ſoothe me but my
" child." She turned to the boy with eager tranſport; a ray of tenderneſs ſhot from her eyes, and ſhe kiſſed him with a look which no deſcription could delineate. In the midſt of her embraces a ſtrong convulſion ſeized her, and, in a few minutes, ſhe expired. None preſent could ſpeak, for they were all *harrowed* with wonder

and dread. Sir Harry, who recovered a little from his ſwoon, uttered a few words in a feeble voice: "Before I die, let "me intreat you, Lady Hyndley, to be "kind to that child; if any conſideration "can expiate my crimes, it muſt be the "welfare of that infant, of whom I am the "father. As for you, I have amply re-"compenſed you in my will, for the un-"eaſineſs I may have given you in my "life. Emily, my dear charming girl, let "me embrace you; I have been your friend "and your protector, and I hope you will "not find I am unworthy your regard in "my behaviour to you when you peruſe "my will. Commend me to your family; "may your charms and your virtues be "beloved as I have beloved them, and you "will never want a friend. The hand of

"death

"death is on me, and I grow dim; yet "there is a ſecret I could wiſh you to—" His voice then forſook him, and in violent pangs he terminated his exiſtence.

The amazement with which every beholder was ſeized at the view of this ſcene, produced a long ſilence, till Miſs Bryant, burſting into tears, poured forth the moſt piercing lamentations over the body of Sir Harry Hyndley: "I have loſt one who "was ſo generous a friend, that I hoped he "would have lived many years to honour "me with his regard and his protection." Lady Hyndley was aſtoniſhed at her words, and a look of diſdain, which ſhewed her ſentiments, was darted at Emily with all the acrimony of lively deteſtation. Bruce, not in leſs agitation, took the child, who

lay frantic upon his mother's corſe, and, after trying to ſoothe his grief, inquired who he was. His name was Forreſter, and they came that morning from *****, the place where his mother had formerly lived.

After the bodies were removed, and all aſſiſtance adminiſtered, though ineffectually, that could be thought of, the friends of Sir Harry Hyndley were ſent to the next day, and upon opening the will, they found he had bequeathed the following legacies: To Lady Hyndley £. 20,000, in addition to her jointure, which was £. 2,000 *per annum*; to Miſs Bryant £. 20,000, which was left in truſt with her mother till ſhe came of age; to Lady Bryant £. 10,000, and to Sir Edward Bryant, in conſideration of ſome

ſome acts of friendſhip, £. 10,000. Theſe, with a few others, were the only legacies he bequeathed.

Upon the peruſal of the teſtament, Lady Hyndley, with a ferocity which ſhe had never before diſplayed, broke out into expreſſions of averſion and reproach againſt Emily. She reprobated the memory of Sir Harry for throwing away ſo much money in what ſhe ſtyled *an infamous legacy*, and concluded her aſperſions by inſiſting upon the departure of Miſs Bryant the next morning. Bruce, who hardly dared to interfere, leſt his paſſion for Miſs B. ſhould be detected, with ſome addreſs prevailed upon Lady Hyndley, *for her own ſake*, to permit Emily's reſidence there till ſhe could conveniently prepare for her departure.

A queſtion

A queſtion now aroſe: "What was to "be done with the child?" Lady Hyndley could not bear his preſence for ſome time; but at laſt Bruce told her, that if ſhe declined the protection of him, he himſelf would be at the expence of his education. Her ladyſhip bluſhed at her own want of humanity: the child was ſuffered to remain where he was.

Sir Harry Hyndley, but a few days before he died, had, with his fondneſs for Miſs Bryant, privately made her a handſome preſent. She always appeared very wealthy, which might be expected from the opulence of her own family.

Emily, whoſe heart ever glowed with all the generous feelings for ſuffering humanity, and who found in benevolence the pureſt delight, took the preſent opportunity of

of diſplaying her munificence. She conferred with Bruce on the ſubject of the debts contracted by the unhappy female, whoſe error had been ſo fatal to herſelf and to Sir Harry: Emily then gave him fifty pounds, inſiſted upon his accepting it for the payment of them, and promiſed as much more as would ſatisfy the creditors if that was not ſufficient. Bruce, whoſe income was not large, contributed a ſum for the ſame purpoſe; but Lady Hyndley refuſed to hear of any ſubſcription, or to afford the leaſt trifle on ſuch an occaſion. Bruce aſked her again; ſhe frowned with diſguſt: "Give them my warmeſt cenſure "for being ſuch fools as to truſt ſuch a "woman in diſtreſs."——"I certainly "will, Madam, they ſhall have the widow's "mite."

Bruce

Bruce went to the mother's lodgings to get ſome intelligence of her friends, but without ſucceſs. Nobody knew her; ſhe had lived there for three years very privately, and no one ever came to viſit her, but an old man who formerly brought her money. This perſon had not been there for ſome time; and it was ſuppoſed, when they heard the ſtory, that the extremity of her indigence, and the keen ſenſe of her injuries, had driven her to the deſperate deed which ſhe perpetrated. Bruce ſettled what little debts were due there, and then returned to Lady Hyndley.

When he arrived, he found Emily with the child upon her lap. She was endeavouring to aſſuage the violence of his diſtreſs for the loſs of his unfortunate parent. She had moderated his tranſports, and was

amuſing him with an inimitable ſkill and a playful tenderneſs, to which her humanity and her beauty added new luſtre and excited freſh emotions in the heart of Bruce. He ſat down near her: "How "ſoon do you leave us? Tell me, I intreat "you, what courſe I ſhall take to ſee you "as often as I have lately done, for I find "I cannot live without you."——Emily looked at him, and ſmiled: "Any friend "of Lady Hyndley's muſt be dear to me; "and, after the treatment I received from "her, I cannot but be diſpoſed to liſten to "the addreſſes and proteſtations of her fa-"vourite."——"Your reply is a ſevere "one; why is a regard for Lady H. more "criminal than a partiality for Sir Harry?" Emily was ſtruck with conſcious impropriety of her own conduct: Bruce proceeded—

"However

"However circumſtances may have ap-
"peared to injure your character, and how-
"ever malignantly they may have been in-
"terpreted, I cannot be prejudiced againſt
"you; I have ſtill the higheſt opinion of
"your virtues and your diſcretion. Sir
"Harry is now dead, and you may want
"the ſervice of one who makes it his
"glory to be faithful in his attachments.
"If you ſmile at my enthuſiaſm, at leaſt
"you may approve my adoration of you.
"When I forfeit my allegiance to my
"friends, may I become unworthy *your*
"tenderneſs; no greater curſe can befal
"me."——"It is an odd ſeaſon to talk
"of love, nor ought I to hear you on a
"ſubject ſo foreign to my preſent ſitua-
"tion; I have, indeed, loſt ſuch a friend,
"that it is, perhaps, my duty never to al-

"low

" low another a place in my heart." —
" As a lover, Madam, Sir Harry was, no
" doubt, happy."—" You err moſt cru-
" elly, he was no lover, he was merely a
" friend; it ill becomes you, Sir, to draw
" ſuch conſtructions from that ſacred
" name; you injure his memory, and inſult
" my character, if you think I was the
" companion of his pleaſures; Sir Harry's
" views were noble, he would not for the
" world—" " Nay, Madam, after what
" we have this day ſeen, Sir Harry's
" virtues will hardly be brought even into
" queſtion; the wretch who could ſubvert
" the principles, ruin the fame, and after-
" wards promote the deſtruction of a wo-
" man, is too depraved for me to vindi-
" cate: but I hope to be pardoned for
" daring to employ your time and your

"thoughts on ſo worthleſs an object as "myſelf; I want neither ardour, ſincerity, "nor perſeverance, but I ſtand in great "need of intereſt in your heart; I have in-"deed fooliſhly thought, as you oſtenta-"tiouſly declined the idea of a ſordid par-"tiality to any admirer, that my adoration "might be favourably accepted; you know "me for your friend, your ſervant, and "your lover."——

As he pronounced theſe words very emphatically, Lady Hyndley entered the room; ſhe appeared highly enraged, and addreſſed Emily with a look of inſolent ſeverity: "Since I know it, I ſhall take care "to be ſo much the friend of *your* family, "Madam, as not to let you throw yourſelf "away upon a young man whoſe ingrati-"tude to me proves him unworthy your

"affection." Bruce was diſtreſſed at the interruption: "If I am your ladyſhip's "friend, I am not your ſlave; your in-"fluence over me is that of haughty deſpo-"tiſm, not of inſinuating tenderneſs; I "never meant to offend you by my regard "for Miſs Bryant; *your* claims to my ſin-"cereſt and moſt zealous partiality are cer-"tainly unlimited, but why may I not, in an "honourable way, addreſs my vows to a "lovely woman, who may boaſt her em-"pire over my heart, founded on virtue "and beauty?" Lady Hyndley grew more inflamed: "To-morrow, Madam, I muſt "recommend you to your family." Bruce was ſtung at her illiberal uſe of power: "And to-morrow I ſhall return to Ox-"ford." Lady Hyndley retired without a reply. Emily, who would not appear to

be ſenſible of her rudeneſs, told Bruce that ſhe had written to Lady Bryant, and ſhould have the carriage ſent the next morning: "My heart is ſo completely wrung by the "gloomy events of theſe three days, that I "ſhall hardly ever recover that airy mirth "which has bleſſed me in every period of "my life. I ſhall reſign myſelf to ſorrow "and reflection, and endeavour to retire to "the country, where no ſounds or ſights "of pleaſure can interrupt my melancholy. "I confeſs to you, my tears will ever flow "for the loſs of poor Sir Harry; why I ſo "much reſpect his memory, and why my "heart melts into the utmoſt ſoftneſs of "ſorrow at the recollection of him, I "know not, unleſs it is the ſenſe of his "unbounded generoſity. Think not un-"favourably of me for having loved him; I

"have

"have often told you it was friendſhip not "paſſion."

Bruce repeated his own ardent proteſtations: "I muſt ceaſe to hear you have ſo "little regard for yourſelf and me, as to re- "linquiſh all in the world that is worth "living for; would *you* give up ſociety "who have a mind formed for all that is "great and good?"——His paſſionate vehemence affected her; ſhe felt returning fondneſs glide into her ſoul; and ſhe at laſt allowed him to vow eternal bondage to her, and to ſeal it with a kiſs upon her hand.—At that inſtant the miniature of Sir Harry, which hung at her watch, fell to the ground, and broke. Bruce took it up, and ſaw her relapſing to her former uncertainty: "Can "an event ſo trifling, Madam, have the "power of refuting my ſincerity?"——

Emily gazed on the picture without replying; at laſt ſhe turned to Bruce, and, with a compoſed air, aſked him, "What "can make me amends for the loſs of ſuch "a friend and the injury to ſuch a pic-"ture? You cannot anſwer me—I'll tell "you then; let me find in Bruce the man "of honour, the tender friend, and the diſ-"creet companion, and I ſhall always eſti-"mate his regard as a compenſation for "every loſs and every ſorrow." Bruce with great delight acknowledged her goodneſs.

They now retired, Miſs Bryant to her own apartment, and Bruce to Lady Hyndley, whom he found pouting with the ſullen diſcontent of neglected vanity. He turned the converſation on young Forreſter, the child of whom he had threatened to under-

take

take the care, if her ladyſhip caſt him off. She ſpoke of him with acrimony: "Do "you think it right, George, that this ur- "chin ſhould be a charge upon me? he will "never repay me in any way for the gene- "roſity I may ſhew him."——"There- "fore your ladyſhip ſeems inclined to keep "him clear of ingratitude by never behav- "ing towards him with common charity." ——"I wiſh he was taken away, I can- "not bear him, he puts me ſo much in "mind of poor Sir Harry."——"Much "as your ladyſhip hated your huſband, I "did not think you carried your antipathy "ſo far as to deteſt the recollection of his "image."——"How impertinent you are, "George—but I ſhall diſmiſs the boy." ——"I am ſure you cannot be ſo cruel; "he is a fine little rogue; let us ſend for

"him." —— "I won't — I will not ſee "him." ——Bruce rung the bell, and the child was brought into the room; Lady Hyndley aroſe, and was going away, but Miſs Bryant came in, and Bruce joined her in prevailing upon her ladyſhip to ſtay. The child ſat for ſome time, but without ſpeaking; at laſt Bruce called him: "How "ſhould you like to go away from here, "and leave us?" The boy lifted up his eyes, and, looking earneſtly at Lady Hyndley, he went up to her, and, laying his hand on her knee, "I don't like to leave "ſuch a pretty lady as this." The ſpeech operated like electricity upon the *generous*, the *beneficent* Lady Hyndley; ſhe took the child in her arms, and kiſſed him with rapture: "Don't fear, my ſweet little one, "you never ſhall leave me, I'll take care "of you as long as I live—he is a charm-

"ing

" ing fine fellow, George; what eyes he
" has, and this chin is quite Sir Harry's!—
" Ah! I ſhall love him for poor Sir Harry's
" ſake—what have you had for dinner to-
" day, my dear!—poor thing! he looks as
" if he had not eat this week; do ring the
" bell, George, let us have tea, and give
" him ſomething. Come, my little rogue,
" you ſhall ſit in my lap, and I'll always
" be your friend, and you will be my little
" companion."

The exceſſive fondneſs which Lady Hyndley laviſhed on the child was ſcarcely credible even to thoſe who beheld it. One of the greateſt maſters of the human heart has ſaid, *Nous ſommes ſi accoutumés à nous deguiſer aux autres, qu'à la fin nous nous deguiſons à nous mêmes.*

The next day, previous to Emily's de-

parture,

parture, Bruce intreated her to let him accompany her to Sir Edward Bryant's. She would not hear of it: "Never, till you "have every right over me which my hand "can give you, ſhall you be ſeen by my "family; if they receive you as a man of "honour and a man of fortune, they will "take care to know that their expectations "are well-founded, and I ſhall have no "opportunity of truſting to the purity of "your principles or to the ardour of your "paſſion. You will be the choice of my "friends, not the choice of my heart; and "I ſhall be conſidered as a mere wife, who "has a right to every pleaſure and reſpect "that you can give me. I ſhall be obliged "to advance a claim where I cannot prove "a welcome in your mind, and ſhall be-"come no more than your rector, to take

"tythes

" tythes of all you poſſeſs and reſide in " the parſonage houſe. This will ren- " der you and myſelf unworthy in my own " eyes: when I ceaſe to ſhare your affec- " tion, I will ceaſe to deſerve it; and when " I ceaſe to deſerve it, I will ceaſe to claim " it. While I am your friend I will treat " you with the ſincerity of a wife; if I am " your wife I will treat you with the ten- " derneſs of a friend, and thus endeavour " to exalt the character of both."

Bruce was delighted with her frankneſs and her reſolution: he endeavoured to perſuade her to marry him inſtantly, but ſhe ſteadily refuſed: " I owe reſpectful be- " haviour to my friends, and that is all— " but I owe much more to myſelf. Rec- " titude, propriety, and diſcretion, are to " be conſulted; they are *my* guardians, and

" I ſhall

"I ſhall never marry without their con-
"ſent *firſt had and obtained.*" Bruce ſmil-
ed: "You have read *Deſtouches*, Madam?

Emily. Certainly.

B. Do you remember his *Triple Mar-
riage?* It is a very good piece; Iſabelle
there ſays to Nérine of her lover, "Je lui
"ai juré de n'epouſer jamais que lui."
To which Nérine replies, "Ma foi, Ma-
"demoiſelle, il y a long tems que l'amour
"& le marriage ont fait divorce, et qu'ils
"ont juré de n'habiter plus enſemble; je
"compte plus ſur leurs ſermens que ſur les
"votres."

Emily. You are very ſevere in your application; but it is no new thing for young men to be more humorous than tender. Your vanity, in ſuppoſing I ſhould break an oath becauſe I am ſincere, has led you

you into a moſt capricious inference which no reaſon can juſtify. I find I muſt learn to be leſs communicative. Now, therefore, we are quits. You have amply repaid my plain dealing, by the ſevere leſſon you teach me to keep every pretended admirer at his proper diſtance. I make you a low courteſy for your excellent precept, and beg I may not ſee you often.

B. Every hour of——

Emily. That I may be able to put it in practice—for, to adhere rigidly to your doctrine, I ought never to ſee you again.

Emily was retiring, but Bruce recanted with ſo much pleaſantry and ardour, that being now inveſted with the dignity of her ſerious lover, he *took the oaths and his ſeat in her heart.*

The reſolution of Emily not to admit

Bruce

Bruce at Sir Edward's left him in a ſtate of indeterminate anxiety. He could not bear her abſence. She had told him that ſhe ſhould go for a few days to pay a viſit in the country to one of her friends, Mrs. Ellyſon. He was earneſt to ſhew ſome new proof of his attachment, but he declined mentioning his intentions to Miſs Bryant. He had informed her that he muſt return to Oxford the next morning, and he now repeated his declaration, adding, that he ſhould fondly hope for a ſpeedy interview with her, perhaps at Lady Hyndley's. On the enſuing day they parted; Miſs Bryant returned to Sir Edward's, and in the evening ſet off to K. Mrs. Ellyſon's houſe in the country.

Previous to Emily's departure, ſhe again exerted her natural benevolence. To Lady

Hyndley

Hyndley ſhe preſented very valuable and elegant gifts, which ſhe had beſpoken for that purpoſe ſome time before. Her ladyſhip could hardly endure the acceptance of them, but the graceful charm with which Emily offered them, overcame her ladyſhip's averſion. To little Forreſter, the new acquaintance at this houſe, who had been well educated in the days of his mother's proſperity, ſhe gave ſome proper donations, which were handſome teſtimonies to his merit. Her ladyſhip and the whole family were aſtoniſhed at her profuſion and generoſity: "Why do you do this, Miſs "Bryant? What claims have we in *your* "opinion to the effuſions of a liberality, "which leads you to laviſh theſe preſents "with ſuch noble prodigality?"——"My "reſpect, Madam, rather let me ſay my "eſteem,

" eſteem, my affection for the memory of
" Sir Harry, (and let me declare it with-
" out offending your ladyſhip) will induce
" me, through my life, to behave to his
" friends and relations with ſolicitous en-
" dearment: my tears will ever ſtream at
" remembering the wretched termination
" of his exiſtence, and my heart will ever
" glow with gratitude at the recollection of
" the diſintereſted partiality by which he
" attached me to his intereſts. He was a
" munificent benefactor, prodigal in his
" bounties to me; accepted by all my
" family as one of my firſt friends; autho-
" riſed by their moſt unlimited regard, and
" deſerving every encomium from me by
" the ſtrength and the perpetuity of his
" kindneſs: theſe are motives to gratitude;
" but my heart ſeems to tell me, that even

" had

"had he never been ſo partial to me, I
"muſt yet have loved him with tenderneſs
"and with propriety, with invariable inno-
"cence and unequalled fervour."

Lady Hyndley ſaid no more; the gifts of Emily ſoftened her antipathy, and the manner in which ſhe now adddreſſed her had ſuch an appearance of ſincerity, that ſhe could not help hoping ſhe ſpoke truth. The ſervants, Miſs Bryant, rewarded for their attention to her with the ſame dignity of beneficence; and, when ſhe quitted Lady Hyndley's houſe, carried with her the bleſſings and the admiration of every inmate.

Bruce took his leave, for a ſhort time, of Lady Hyndley; he recommended the child once more in a very pathetic manner, and promiſed her ladyſhip to reviſit London ſhortly. He then departed, as ſhe ima-

gined, to Oxford, but really to the houſe of a friend, who aſſiſted him in an important undertaking he had in view.

Bruce had been enamoured of many women yet had never before been ſenſible to a ſolid attachment. The dangers to which he was liable, from being diſcovered by Lady Hyndley, loſt all their terror on the preſent occaſion; and it was only his fear of being known to the friends of Emily, that urged him to ſeek the ſhelter of a diſguiſe, by means of which he could remain concealed, and at the ſame time enjoy frequently the company of Miſs Bryant. Love, the creator of all artifice, at laſt ſuggeſted to him the diſguiſe of a footman, in which character he determined to offer his ſervices to Sir Edward Bryant, who had diſcharged one a few days before.

None of the family knew him; Emily would, doubtleſs, for her own ſake, aſſiſt the deception; and no difficulty occurred but the want of a recommendation from ſome former maſter. He immediately applied to his friend Orford, who had been a partner with him in many airy frolics. The propoſal charmed a young man of leſs invention and of as much gaiety as Bruce. He ſat down inſtantly, wrote a long letter to Sir Edward, and another to Lady Bryant, wherein he ſtrained every epithet to exalt his friend's talents for the office he wiſhed to fill: he repeated the moſt ardent declarations of that regard which he had ſo often profeſſed for the family, and as a proof, recommended to them an excellent young man, the bearer, who was *formed to ſerve them.*

Colonel Orford was one of the moſt diſſipated characters that blazed in the circles of faſhionable ſplendour; yet he was a libertine, not from inclination but, from youthful vanity and habitual exceſs. He naturally abhorred diſſipation of every kind, yet a falſe diſdain of domeſtic virtues and rational amuſements had plunged him into an early courſe of unceaſing debauchery. He was often drunk, though he deteſted wine: he kept a miſtreſs, to whoſe charms he was not inſenſible; but the dread of being thought conſtant, even to *her*, had frequently united him to the moſt elegant in high life and to the moſt deſpicable in the lower claſs of unfortunate women. He gamed deep; and, as he won without pleaſure, he loſt without anger. The brilliancy of his dreſs, the politeneſs of his manners, and the magnificence

nificence of his equipage, had ſecured him a place in the exalted circles, which are often ignorantly cenſured by thoſe who cannot approach them, without being ſincerely applauded by thoſe who can.

Such was the aſſiſtant of Bruce in his preſent undertaking. A plain ſuit of cloaths being provided, he waited on Lady Bryant; and, after a few interrogations, was ordered to come to his place the next day.

Bruce's romantic diſpoſition was every way gratified in the purſuit of this ſcheme. He was wrapped in the contemplation of his approaching triumph all the way to Colonel Orford's, and as he went along, ran againſt three poſts, joſtled a couple of porters, and overſet an old lady, in the "cogi-"bundity of his cogitations." He antici-

pated all thoſe events which are governed by improbability, and foreſaw the iſſue of every circumſtance, and the train of every ſucceſs, which *could not* poſſibly happen.

"While I am in the humble ſituation "which awaits me, I ſhall not only indulge "my enthuſiaſm in the cauſe of love but my "raptures alſo in the ſervice of friendſhip: I "ſhall ſuperadd, to the glory of gaining my "miſtreſs, the ſatisfaction of making new "friends, a buſineſs which does honour to "the man of benevolence and the man of "the world. Theſe friends too, whom I "gain in an humble ſtation, will be of the "nobleſt kind. They will be faithful and "diſintereſted; I ſhall have the beſt oppor-"tunity of trying their zeal and of proving "their ſteadineſs. Thus forming intima-

"cies

"cies, as no man ever did before, I ſhall "not be indebted to ſordid views for *their* "attachment to me. The world will now "learn, that there ſtill exiſts, in its full vi-"gour, and in its moſt ſplendid colours, "the lofty ſentiment of generous regard; "and how much I have deſerved eſteem "will be manifeſt by my ſucceſs in ſecur-"ing it." Theſe were the ſelf-complacent reflections of Bruce, as he left Lady Bryant's. In the ſame ſtrain of wild imagination he raiſed ideal and indiſſoluble fabrics of friendſhip in his converſation with Orford, who ſmiled at his oddity and pitied his inexperience. Bruce, like a true Quixote, liſtened to no objections againſt the indulgence of his ſanguine hopes; in his defence, we may remember that Crebillon

has ſaid, "Les leçons et les examples ſont "peu de choſes pour un jeune homme, et "ce n'eſt jamais qu' à ſes depens qu'il "s'inſtruit*."

* Les Egaremens du Cœur & de l' Eſprit.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Sur cet exemple, on peut ici m'en croire;
Trop de talens, trop de ſuccès flatteurs
Traînent ſouvent la ruine des mœurs.

GRESSET.—Ver. Vert.

WHEN Bruce aroſe the next morning, and prepared for his departure, Orford informed him, that he had the day before called at Lady Hyndley's; that ſhe was going to ſet off for the country without delay; that ſhe intended to write a letter to Bruce as ſoon as ſhe arrived there, and that ſhe had, the day he called, ſent young Forreſter to a ſchool at ſome diſtance from town, where, however, ſhe did not intend he ſhould remain, as ſhe was grown

grown ſo fond of the child, it was impoſſible to part with him. She extolled him to the Colonel with unwearied praiſe: "He is ſo "pretty; he has ſo many winning ways, "and above all, though ſo young a child, "he has the ſenſe, Colonel, to enter deep "into my character, for he never thinks of "me but kindly; and he liſps his dear little "praiſes ſo naturally!—he is a charming "child; and if he goes on as well as he "promiſes, we may hope from him every "thing great and good."

Bruce departed, and arrived at Sir Edward Bryant's. His firſt object was to inquire after his Emily; he was informed that ſhe was gone to K. the reſidence of her friend Mrs. Ellyſon and was to return very ſoon. He then inquired into the characters of the family; and, cultivating an intimacy

intimacy with Lewſton, who was woman to Lady Bryant, he obtained the following information.

Sir Edward was a character not often ſeen. He was very facetious. Ever ready to be entertained by his friends, and contributed largely to their merriment: but he had a moſt dangerous talent; his love of ridicule was not profeſſed. Diſguiſed by a perpetual appearance of kindneſs, no one ſuſpected that his great aim, in the cultivation of his friendſhips, was to exhibit, with treacherous ſkill, thoſe deformities which diſfigure the ſurface of every character in a greater or leſs degree. He had the art of ſoothing every body's failings, and extolling their abſurdities, that he might obtain the *full length* of every folly, out of which he drew a fund of humour for the amuſement

of

of the table. Theſe perfidious blandiſhments were often happily exerted upon the moſt wiſe and the moſt gigantic minds, for as they were conſcious of their own powers, they little ſuſpected any one watched their intellectual blemiſhes with a daring and ſatirical merriment. Sir Edward had many friends and an unbounded acquaintance. A ſmooth addreſs, a poliſhed behaviour, and a countenance, which had been *drilled* at his entrance into life, and exerciſed in all the *evolutions* of attractive pleaſantry and amiable benignity, faſcinated thoſe who were expoſed to the deriſion of the ſpectators by his inſidious mirth. He was a convivial baſiliſk, who attracted only to deſtroy.

Lady Bryant was an elegant woman. Her dreſs was the great object of her affec-

tions.

tions, and ſo powerfully was ſhe attached to the Deity of faſhion, that every paſſion and foible was concentred in perpetual obedience to his dictates. Of ſuch a woman I ſhall not now ſay much; ſhe is a common character, but not to be deſpiſed for theſe propenſities. Whoever renders themſelves and the world more agreeable than they were are entitled to a very great portion of popular applauſe.

Emily and a ſon were the deſcendants of this family. Mr. Bryant had his mother's fondneſs for ſplendour, without his father's admiration for wit. He was very polite, for he would always laugh at a jeſt without requiring it to be explained, a condeſcenſion which often laid the relater under ſome obligation. Mr. Bryant's mouth was indeed perpetually "*ajar*." He was perfectly

good-

good-natured. He would, at the coſt of others, eat with anybody, drink with anybody, game with anybody, and do any thing with anybody. His conſtitution would have been early ſacrificed to his facility of temper, and his eſtate, perhaps, ſpent before he came to it, but one trait in his diſpoſition carried an antidote to all ruinous exceſſes; for, of his friends, no one accuſed him of that pernicious brilliancy of expence or thoſe powers of entertainment, which allure and enchain a company to the utter ruin of their poſſeſſor. Mr. Bryant was therefore only invited when he was thought of. The young men of ſpirit found him too penurious, and the young men of gaiety too dull, for their ſociety. His chief aſſociates were the *mere* women of faſhion, whoſe inſipid minds eſtabliſhed a reciprocal

ſecurity

ſecurity from every poſſible danger. With all this, his friend Temple declared, that Mr. Bryant once ſaid a *good thing*; for, to the aſtoniſhment of every one—he ſaid grace at dinner.

On the enſuing morning, Bruce and another ſervant attended Lady Bryant to pay viſits. The firſt houſe they went to was an ill omen for Bruce. They ſtopped at Mrs. Sydney's, who was one of Bruce's moſt intimate friends, a woman from whom he had received many favours, and whoſe aſſiſtance he had ſome thoughts of ſoliciting on the ſubject of Miſs Bryant. Mrs. Sydney had a large fortune, and was rather advanced in years. Among many good qualities, which rendered her truly amiable, ſhe was principally beloved for her exceſſive zeal in promoting the happineſs of

young

young people, without patronizing their vices. She often inveighed againſt the cruelty and oppreſſion with which the old rule the young, deſcanted very largely upon the envious jealouſy with which they denied pleaſures to youth, becauſe they themſelves were unable to partake of them. She frequently declared, that her mind ſhould never be out of its *teens*; that ſhe looked upon herſelf as bound in duty, for the honour of *age*, to ſhew the world that ſome people might be *old* and *human* at the ſame time, and to prove to them that there was not ſo much diſgrace in a ſecond childhood, provided the laſt infancy was nouriſhed by the *milk of human kindneſs*. Such a woman was a proper perſon for Bruce to apply to in his late exigency; but the preſent ſcheme had rendered it unneceſſary.

Lady

Lady Bryant ſtayed but a ſhort time, and then drove to Lady Warynton's, where, while the ſervants waited, Lord W. came out. He looked at Bruce with ſome earneſtneſs, and then aſked him if he was not the new ſervant lately come from Col. Orford to Lady Bryant? Bruce replied in the affirmative; and Lord W. deſiring to ſpeak to him, he followed to the dreſſing-room; where, cautiouſly ſhutting the door, Lord W. began.

Ld. W. My honeſt friend, I have heard ſuch an account of your ſkill and fidelity from your late maſter, who would never, I aſſure you, have parted with you but to oblige Sir Edward Bryant, that I am induced to rely upon your kindneſs and conduct in an affair of great importance. If I find I can depend upon you, promiſe yourſelf

every recompence my generoſity can beſtow, for, I never refuſe to pay well, if I am ſerved with integrity.

Br. The report of your lordſhip's liberality is not new to me. Fame has almoſt done juſtice to your high ideas and to your perpetual diſplay of true nobility; I ſhall think myſelf gratified in the opportunity of ſhewing my reſpect for your character. To the ſacred and ſo often abuſed title of *friend*, I can never hope to lay claim; it will be enough for me to poſſeſs the luxury of reflecting what an amicable ſincerity might have been interwoven between our minds, had we been born equal.

Ld. W. Upon my word, you ſpeak incomparably, for a fellow in your ſtation. Where did you come from? I fancy you muſt have received a decent education.

Br. The

Br. The great leſſon, my lord, which I have learned, has been to make myſelf uſeful. To cultivate the ſeeds of activity, fidelity, and attachment, which I early diſcovered in my own heart. A young lad, who has to make his way in the world, needs every requiſite of diligence and prudence. I wiſh I could add to the preſent little ſtock of merit, which your lordſhip is pleaſed to eſtimate ſo highly, the pleaſure of ſerving you in any undertaking with zeal and readineſs.

Ld. W. You aſtoniſh me! why you are juſt the perſon I wanted.—But I am ſo overwhelmed with ſurpriſe at your elevated ſentiments, and the propriety of your addreſs, that I can ſcarcely believe what I hear.

Br. I am ſorry for that, my lord, for I ſpeak ſincerely.

Ld. W. I do not doubt it; but I mean, 'tis melancholy for you to be in ſuch a ſituation as your preſent one, with the abilities which you poſſeſs.

Br. I prefer my preſent ſituation to all others, my lord. I ſee the world; I have little trouble; and while I am treated with kindneſs, I ſhall never regret the proſperity which I ſee others in poſſeſſion of. I am under many obligations to fortune; for, inſtead of giving me a maſs of wealth, ſhe has beſtowed upon me the means of enjoyment.

Ld. W. And a philoſopher too! This is the moſt extraordinary inſtance of fortune's caprice that I ever beheld—but we have

have not now time to inquire about it. I ſee you have every excellence that I can wiſh for, and therefore I ſcruple not to tell you, you may look upon me as your friend. Here is a letter which I wiſh to have conveyed with all poſſible care, ſpeed, and ſecrecy, to the place of its addreſs. I hope you know your buſineſs, your intereſt, and my power to ſerve you, too well to betray me. I am equally amazed and delighted at your diſcourſe; and, when I have more leiſure, ſhall be very glad to hear your hiſtory, and to know if I can render you any ſolid ſervice. In the mean time, there are five guineas, as a pledge of my future favour.

Br. No, my lord, you muſt excuſe me if I decline your generous offer. I am a perfect ſtranger to you, and you cannot

tell of what value or unimportance may be my endeavours to acquit myſelf to your ſatisfaction. I will not abuſe your bounty, by receiving a donation before I have deſerved it. When I have executed your commiſſion, and you have reaſon to commend me, I ſhall think myſelf amply recompenſed by the honour of your praiſes.

Ld. W. By Heaven, you're a noble fellow! Well, my good friend, I am almoſt aſhamed of not having paid a worthier tribute to your merit, in a more decent way. I ſincerely beg your pardon, and ſhall ſeek an opportunity to make amends for my deficiency. There is the letter; it is for Miſs Meredyth; ſhe lives in * * Street, Portman Square. If you can contrive to leave it before ſix, and bring me an anſwer, your whole commiſſion will be fully executed;

and

and I'll meet you at night at Mrs. Ruelle's in Dover Street.

Lady Bryant's carriage was now called; Bruce therefore quitted the room and ſoon after went away with her ladyſhip. They reached Sir Edward's before four, and Bruce was then luckily diſpatched with ſome notes to that part of the town where Miſs Meredyth reſided. He went to the houſe; and, after waiting ſome time for an anſwer to Lord W.'s letter, he was ordered to come up ſtairs. A ſervant ſhewed him into a room where Miſs Meredyth ſat. She was a moſt beautiful woman, of five and twenty, elegantly dreſſed; and in her eyes were blended ſuch a mixture of vivacity and tenderneſs, that their power was irreſiſtible: "Do you live with Lord "Warynton?"

Br. No, Madam, I live with Sir Edward Bryant; but have the honour of being employed by Lord Warynton on this occaſion.

Miſs M. You was ordered to wait for an anſwer?

Br. Certainly, Madam. I preſume you are too well acquainted with the impatient diſpoſition of Lord Warynton not to ſuppoſe that he ordered me to wait.

Miſs M. Bleſs me! he had more ſenſe than to mention the contents of his ſilly letter to any body, I hope?

Br. Upon no account, Madam—upon no account in the world—for it was impoſſible that any body could gueſs them.

Miſs M. I fancy you would ſmile now, if you dared; and truly I could not blame you. I ſuppoſe you are his confident?

Br.

Br. I dare not boaſt ſo much, Madam; for I have not earned his unlimited frankneſs.

Miſs M. Is this the firſt embaſſy of the kind in which he has employed you?

Br. Upon my honour it is—and perhaps, Madam, it will be the laſt.

Miſs M. I hope ſo, for his own ſake. There is an anſwer, it is very ſhort—but it is the laſt I ſhall write.

Br. May I preſume to requeſt, Madam, that the anſwer ſhall be ſuch as will afford him ſome pleaſure? I ſhould be very unwilling to be the meſſenger of unpleaſing news.

Miſs M. How, are you intereſted in it?

Br. No further than as I am influenced by my very great reſpect for Lord Warynton.

Miſs

Miſs M. I never deſire to hear any thing about Lord Warynton; and I ſhould think myſelf indebted to you, if you would for the future decline bringing me any letters or meſſages from him.

Br. I never before, Madam, was ſo cruelly ſituated. His lordſhip's kindneſs to me has been ſo great, I think myſelf every way obliged to exert myſelf in his ſervice; and, I confeſs, till now never thought it difficult to obey him. Permit me to ſay, that when he gave me the billet, which I juſt brought, it was with an air of ſo much truth and tenderneſs, that I did not doubt his ſucceſs, in whatever it contained, before I ſaw you—and ſtill leſs afterwards.

Miſs M. You plead his cauſe very well. Who taught you to ſpeak ſo much

above

above your ſtation? You muſt have had an able teacher.

Br. Indeed I had, Madam; but names are ſacred. I ſhall have a much higher opinion both of the inſtructor and the pupil, if I can prevail upon you to ſend his lordſhip a gentle anſwer.

Miſs M. Who are you? Have you lived long with Sir Edward?

Br. Two days, Madam.

Miſs M. Your hiſtory muſt be intereſting. I wonder by what ſtrange fatality you have been ſo miſplaced in the world. To a perſon of your ſagacity, ſuch a ſituation muſt be truly mortifying. Have you no proſpect of raiſing yourſelf to a more eligible rank?

Br. Why ſhould I, Madam? That poſt, which gives me the opportunity of acceſs

ceſs to ſo lovely a woman as Miſs Meredyth, can have no circumſtances, however diſagreeable, which are not eaſily borne. But, the truth is, that the condition of a lacquais has ten thouſand advantages which I may ſay our ſuperiors never attain to. In the firſt place, we are often at the tables of the great; and ſome among us have the ear of the leading men in this country.

Miſs M. What, the men of faſhion?

Br. No, Ma'am, thoſe are the *led* men; I mean the men in power—But, I beg pardon, I ſhould have mentioned firſt, a much more important advantage—we are always near the ladies, the contemplation of whoſe beauty mitigates many difficulties and many ſorrows.

Miſs M. I ſhould rather imagine you muſt be frequently mortified, if you have the

the ſenſibility to be touched by beauties, which you can never poſſeſs.

Br. Pardon me, Madam; there are ſome women whoſe portraits are inimitably fine, but who are obſcured by a want of intereſt in the countenance—there are others indeed——Here he ſighed, and looked on the ground; Miſs Meredyth replied, "Well, what of thoſe others? How do they differ?

Br. In the radiance which their minds communicate to their eyes, and that delightful illumination and intelligence which are diffuſed through their countenances.

Miſs M. Then the ſex ſeems to be divided between light and ſhade.

Br. I never preſume, Madam, to judge deciſively. I am too young, and ought to be too diffident of my own diſcernment, to form

form an opinion, which a glance from a beautiful woman may deſtroy in an inſtant.

Miſs M. And, do you never venture to form any opinion of the ſex, then?

Br. Yes, Madam, one invariable deciſion—that they can be judged of by no general rule.

Miſs M. This is rude, Sir—your good ſenſe might have taught you better, and your good manners ſhould have deterred you from giving a verdict you cannot ſupport. Your vanity has been excited by ſome unexpected, perhaps ſome unmerited honour; and you ſuffer a vanity, which might be turned to your advantage, to be miſled by your ſpleen.

Br. Spleen, Madam, I have none—Vanity I have much, and I never found it

dangerouſly

dangerouſly gratified till now. Your ſolicitude to hear my opinion made you forget the inconvenience of ſincerity. I will make any apologies for daring to be ingenuous and muſt ſubmit to your ſevere cenſure of my inability to deceive you.

Bruce here made a very graceful bow, and was retiring, when Miſs Meredyth, with a bluſh, called him back.

Miſs M. I beg your pardon for what I ſaid, and for ſeeming more intereſted in your ſtory than it was poſſible I could be. If my reſpect for Lord Warynton led me to be candid to his ambaſſador, I may eſcape reproof without the charge even of impropriety.

Br. You charm me, Madam, by your good opinion of his lordſhip; and I ſhall take particular care to convince him how

ſenſible you are of his merit. He will be delighted at the ſucceſs of my embaſſy, ſince I have obtained for him—what I could not procure for myſelf—your good opinion.

Miſs M. Nay, nay—do not run away in an error and miſlead your employer—I never intend to ſee Lord Warynton; and, I requeſt you, if he aſks your opinion on the probability of his ſucceſs, that you will tell him ſo. You ſeem not to be acquainted with either my ſituation in life or my principles of action. I am a woman born to be ſwayed by paſſion and prepoſſeſſion. The tendereſt and the ſofteſt impulſe of the heart is mingled with all my ideas of pleaſure and plans of happineſs. Fond and luxurious, I have yet neither injuſtice nor arrogance: it is my error to yield to the firſt emotions excited by love and to acknowledge

knowledge an impreſſion even from an inferior—but I will never ſacrifice myſelf to the importunity of thoſe who have higher duties and ſuperior claims.

A ſoft effuſion upon her cheeks, excited by a mixture of ſhame and paſſion, conferred new beauty upon the charms of Miſs Meredyth; ſhe walked to the window, and Bruce, who was never at a loſs, replied immediately:

Br. You honour me, Madam, by your noble frankneſs, which I, ſo much your inferior, have no right to expect. I applaud that ſpirit of integrity and independence which enables you to purſue your own pleaſure, without being gratified at the expence of your equity, or the peace of others. What ſhall I ſay to Lord Warynton? Will he not ſuſpect me of neglecting the charge

I have received? I fear I ſhall incur his reſentment.

Miſs M. You ought, for you ſee his lordſhip has the gallantry to be in fear of incurring mine.

Br. I feel your reproach very ſenſibly—but I dare not be my own interpreter, and ſtill more I fear to be your's.

Miſs M. Theſe fears may increaſe, and I never wiſh to be the cauſe of ſuch unpleaſing ſenſations. The whimſical pride of hiding your penetration ill ſuits with the high ideas that might be formed of your generoſity at firſt ſeeing you. I am ſorry that I have ſo far forgot what is due to you, and what is due to myſelf. You could hardly, therefore, wonder if I hinted to you, that no meſſage from Lord Waryn-ton can be agreeable to me, and that his

meſſengers muſt have politeneſs and good ſenſe, at leaſt equal to your perverſeneſs, before I can receive them with friendly confidence.

Br. I can bear any evil, Madam, but your diſpleaſure.

A ſervant now entered the room and announced Mr. Aigrette the jeweller: "Tell him," ſaid Miſs M. "that I am "engaged at preſent, but that I will ſend "to him to-day."

The ſervant retired. Miſs Meredyth pauſed a few minutes, and then unlocking a drawer, took out a fauſſe-montre: "In "your way home, oblige me by leaving "this at Aigrette's; he is to return a caſ- "ket, which I ſhall thank you for bring- "ing to me any time to-morrow, but de "liver it into no hands except my own."

Bruce readily promiſed to obey her; he aſked if ſhe had any further commands: "I have no right to command," replied Miſs Meredyth, "where neither conde- "ſcenſion nor influence are acknowledged. "You boaſt of being a ſervant to Lord "Warynton as well as to Sir Edward "Bryant, and who would quit the ſervice "or the intereſts of two ſuch men?"—— "How am I to underſtand you, Madam? ——"You are in great haſte!—but, how- "ever, let me ſee you to-morrow."—— Bruce added a final obeiſance and with- drew. "What a ſingular woman!" he re- flected as he returned from her: "She is "exquiſitely beautiful! I believe, (Emily "forgive me!) I believe I ſighed—did I "ſigh?—and if I did, what then? I am too "much attached to Emily to ſuſpect my-

"ſelf

" ſelf—but I am to call again to-morrow—
" to what end? She is very pretty—but
" what is that to me—I am only plenipo
" from Lord Warynton—but then I have
" declined all mercenary advantages, and
" in love I ought to do ſo—I'll aſk Miſs
" Meredyth's opinion of it—ſhe may per-
" haps recompenſe my fidelity and diſin-
" tereſtedneſs—and it ſhould be requited
" with ſomething more than praiſe. How I
" wander, but—' *L'amour n'eſt qu'illuſion; il*
' *ſe fait pour ainſi dire un autre univers; il*
' *s'entoure d'objets qui ne ſont point, ou auxquels*
' *lui ſeul a donné l'être: et comme il rend tous*
' *ſes ſentimens en images, ſon langage eſt tou-*
' *jours figuré.*' "

ROUSSEAU, Heloiſe.

CHAP. IV.

" It falls out, very often, that, in moral queſtions, the " philoſophers in the gown and in the livery differ " not ſo much in their ſentiments as in their language, " and have equal power of diſcerning right, though " they cannot point it out to others with equal ad- " dreſs."

THE RAMBLER, N° 68.

IT was half paſt ſix before Bruce arrived at Dover-ſtreet. When he entered Mrs. Ruelle's houſe, he was deſired to walk into a room, where Lord Warynton preſently came to him: " Well, my " ingenious philoſopher, have you ſucceed- " ed in delivering my letter? Was ſhe at " home and in a good humour? But per- " haps you did not ſee her." Bruce gave the reply from Miſs Meredyth with a ſmile.

His

His lordſhip opened it, and read with aſtoniſhment the following words, which he then repeated to Bruce: "Your lordſhip knows "my principles and my errors; if I have not "been delicate and lofty in my ſentiments "of love, I have been invariably governed "in the choice of my companions by opi-"nions in ſome degree honourable. I "have before told you, that as I am at my "own diſpoſal, I will follow the dictates of "a heart which has yet been depraved by "only one failing. I never will receive "the addreſſes of a married man, nor add "to the liſt of my offences the crime of "deſtroying the honour and happineſs of a "whole family. I muſt decline permitting "any farther importunities from a man "whom every tie of probity, generoſity, "and propriety forbids me to liſten to."

"And was this all you could do for "me? Inexorable woman!—I would give "my life and fortune for her favours."

Br. She wiſhes your lordſhip very well; and you find that her regard for your character and her own, is an inſurmountable bar to your ſeeing her.

Ld. W. What can ſhe mean? a woman with ſuch fine libertine principles as ſhe has always profeſſed, would ſcorn the vulgar ſqueamiſh affectation of a narrow-minded girl.

Br. I muſt ſay there is great honour, my Lord, in her rejecting your offers, becauſe you are married. She ſeems a very extraordinary creature, and, no doubt, piques herſelf upon being no one's enemy but her own.

Ld. W. I wiſh I had never ſeen her. Indeed,

Indeed, my friend, you muſt go to her for me once more—to-morrow you ſhall have another note; I cannot give her up, it is impoſſible. You are willing to ſerve me in this buſineſs, and ſince you have profeſſed your zeal, prove it by your ſucceſs.

Br. To-morrow, my Lord, I will certainly attend you again.

Ld. W. Will you do me the favour to call a coach? Bruce obeyed, the coach was called, and he retired. When he reached Sir Edward's he was reprimanded by Lady Bryant for his lingering on his meſſages. Mrs. Lewſton, her woman, who was preſent, mentioned that he had been at the ſame time employed by her, and took great pains to exonerate Bruce from her ladyſhip's diſpleaſure. As he came down ſtairs, Mrs. Lewſton followed him:

"I was

" I was very glad, James, that I happened
" to be in the way when my lady was angry;
" I hate words, and you may always depend
" upon me to get you out of a ſcrape." Bruce thanked her, and ſhe proceeded: " Will
" you ſup with me to-night in my room?
" Do; I ſhall have a friend juſt to pick a
" bit, and we may have a nice evening.
" My lady and Sir Edward will be out, ſo
" we ſhall hardly be wanted; do, let us,
" James—pray why can't we keep life and
" ſoul together as well as our betters? and
" I aſſure you we will have a nice evening.
" —Mrs. Honour, in Tom Jones, had
" often a nice evening; and Mrs. Slip-
" ſlop, in one of 'Squire Richardſon's ſtories
" —let me ſee which was it—ay, God's
" Revenge againſt Adultery—ay, there
" was another nice evening—and we'll
" have

" have one too. You ſee I have been edu-
" cated, James—I've read—yes, a many
" books—I have been a great reader in my
" time: I ſubſcribed for a month to a cir-
" culating library; and I read a volume of
" *Mr. Shandy's Travels*—and I read the
" *Adventures of a Pump*—and the *Memoirs*
" *of an old Hat*, and the *Life of Peter the*
" *Poſtman*, and half a volume of the *For-*
" *tunate Fool*, and a chapter in the *Civility*
" *of Sentiment*, and——

Bruce, who became ſtunned by her clamorous enumeration of what ſhe had read, replied with a ſmile: " I dare ſay, Mrs.
" Lewſton, you have employed the leiſure
" you have occaſionally found very pro-
" perly; and indeed the elegant choice of
" your favourite authors convinces me of
" your diſtinguiſhed taſte. I ſhall, without
" doubt, haſten to join your agreeable
" party

" party of this evening, but muſt beg your " excuſe at preſent, as I am to attend my " lady to the Opera." The arrival of Colonel Orford, and the duties of his office, terminated this conference. The Colonel found an opportunity of ſpeaking to Bruce: " I perceive here have been many remarks " made upon your conduct; Lady Bryant " ſays there is ſomething ſo uncommonly " refined in your diſcourſe and your man- " ners, that ſhe cannot imagine where you " have been bred. She likes you very " much, but your miſdemeanour of this " evening muſt be repaired by double dili- " gence for the future, ſince I perceive her " favour is eaſily gained and eaſily loſt. " Sir Edward is a very eaſy man to ſerve; " and if you can find any opportunity to be " witty, he will adore you. I have been

" enquiring

" enquiring about Emily; ſhe is to return
" ſoon. When ſhe comes make yourſelf
" known to her, and endeavour to prevail
" upon her to fly immediately: at my
" houſe in the country you ſhall find an
" aſylum. I muſt caution you to beware
" of Lady Bryant; ſhe is jealous of her
" daughter's perſonal attractions, and would
" not endure that ſhe ſhould have any
" influence even over her domeſtics."——
" You would not cenſure me," ſaid Bruce,
" if you knew the unaccountable adventure
" I have had; pray tell me did you ever
" hear of a Miſs Meredyth, who lives in
" *** ſtreet?"——" I recollect the name;
" and now it occurs to me that I heard
" her mentioned in a whiſper one day lately
" to Lord Warynton, by a young fellow
" whom I meet there ſometimes; his name

" is

"is Evelyne: if you can contrive to be "preſent the next time he is with his lord- "ſhip, where he frequently viſits, you may "obtain ſome information from him." Bruce then gave him an account of the events in that day. Orford became curious for a further knowledge of Miſs Meredyth, and promiſed to bring Mr. Evelyne to Lord Warynton's, if he could meet him as if by chance the next morning. "Eve- "lyne is very communicative, and deſires "nothing more than to oblige a friend: he "is patroniſed by Lord Warynton with ſo "much real regard, that he is anxious for "every opportunity to ſerve his lordſhip's "acquaintance. He is a new character, "and worth your ſeeing."

The carriage now ſet off for the Opera with Lady Bryant, Sir Edward, Mr. Bry- ant,

ant, and Colonel Orford, attended by Bruce, and John another ſervant. When they were ſet down, John turned to Bruce: "I don't know how you may find yourſelf, "Maſter James, but I am plaguy hot with "my ride; come, I'll go and dip my "beak into a bottle, and I dare ſay if you "do the ſame none will go the wrong "way." Bruce, who determined to ſee as much of the world as his preſent ſituation afforded, willingly accepted the invitation. "Where do we go? To the next "houſe?"——"No," replied John, "I "was minded to go to the *Rainbow* in "*** ſtreet, for at the Golden Goat the "company is too low for any genteel per-"ſon." Bruce, ſmiling at his delicacy, aſked him if the Rainbow then was frequented

quented only by people of the *firſt rank?*
——" No one comes there but with their
" own carriage—we don't admit *hackney*
" comers.—If a ſervant was to come who
" had only attended a hack, we ſhould
" take his number, and ouſt him immedi-
" ately—No, the peers, people of fortune,
" and profeſſions, are the only members of
" our ſociety, and no new one can be ad-
" mitted without the conſent of the whole
" club—a viſiter now and then is received,
" but then he muſt treat the company if he
" is inferior. The Prince of Wales's or
" any *royal* ſervant may be admitted an ho-
" norary member; for whatever people may
" ſay, Maſter James, there is nothing like
" blood, and none deſpiſe it but thoſe who
" are of low origin. We all ſtick very
" ſtrictly

" ſtrictly to our rules, and keep the ſoci-
" ety very ſacred.—Such are the conditions
" at the Rainbow."

Br. " The Rainbow;" — ay, that's where ſervants ſtand at *livery*.

They now arrived at the houſe, and John going up to the bar, addreſſed the girl, who was very pretty, " Well, *Nina*,
" who's come? a great many are expected;
" you know Saturday is always Opera and
" club-night, but at preſent there are only
" *The Buſy Body*, *George Barnwell*, *The*
" *Midſummer Night's Dream*, *Seduction*,
" and his brother *Such Things are*—there's
" *Hamlet* juſt coming in at the door—and
" —who's that?——Lord bleſs me! I
" vow it's the *Agreeable Surpriſe*—that dear
" little fellow whom we have not had ſo
" long; I am glad to ſee him here again."

She went to the two men who entered, and John turning to Bruce, deſired him to walk up: "You are to know, Mr. James, "that there is a little ſecret I muſt treat "you with before we go in: all our club, "when we firſt formed ourſelves, were at "a loſs how to diſtinguiſh one member "from another. The names John, Dick, "Harry, Thomas, might often claſh, as "there might be many of the ſame name "in company. As to our *ſurnames*, many "of us hardly knew 'em ourſelves. To "take the names of our maſters was not "agreeable, for, you know, it has been "made the ſubject of laughter ſo much, "that we diſdained running the ſame "riſque again. While we were in this "ſtate of doubt, I met with a clever young "dog, who lives ſervant with Miſs Ben-

"wal,

" wal, an acquaintance of my lady's: he,
" Sir, had been a ſtrolling player, and he
" put us in the head to name every mem-
" ber by the name of ſome good acting
" play, according to his own manners, diſ-
" poſition, or rank in life; we hit upon the
" ſcheme, and it anſwers vaſtly well—ſo
" you muſt not wonder if you hear us call
" each other by odd names."

Br. I hope the young fellow, who was ſo lucky as to give you a hint for proper epithets for each member, was amply recompenſed in return.

John. Will you credit it! I never could get him made member of the ſociety—and indeed who could expect it? We could not, you know, admit a fellow who had been a ſtrolling player into ſuch a meeting as our's. No, he dines with us now and

then, and we have the greateſt eſteem for him poſſible—but he cannot rank with us.

They now entered the room—John went up to one of them: "Friend Barn-"well, how is it with you?—tip us your "hand, my little maſter.—Well, my boys, "I have brought you a brother to peep "on us for the night—there he is—I am "ſorry, faith, that you're not all here, I "mean to propoſe him as a member—in-"deed we don't like to increaſe our num-"ber; but, hang it, for a friend."—— "Ah, friend Macbeth, friend Macbeth," rejoined the other—— "ſad news, Mac-"beth! ſad news indeed!"—— "What "the plague's the matter?"—— "The "poor *Deuce is in him* is dead."—— "Is "he, faith?—poor *Deuce is in him!* is it "true?——Yes, too true; his flambeaux

"went

" went out laſt night—turned out of the
" world at a minute's warning, and I don't
" think he'll meet with ſuch a good place
" there as he had here—great wages and
" little to do—never obliged to go out
" with the carriage—no, he'll find no ſuch
" place again." ——" What did he die of?"
——" Ah! don't mention it! the poor fel-
" low died of a rout—carrying invitations
" from her ladyſhip he took a fever, and
" quitted the ſervice.—But come, let us
" have more of this port—pretty good is n't
" it, Macbeth?——So, here's ſome more
" of us coming."——John and Bruce ſat down, and, as the reſt of the members entered, John told him their names: " You
" ſee the ſmart fellow that's coming in now,
" with his hair well dreſſed, and a very good
" pair of eyes, which he is always rolling

"about; he is perpetually ogling the "wenches—his name is *King Leer*. He "that follows is the ſon of a cabinet-maker "who broke; he lives with Lord Lively, "and takes his place here under the name "of *The Upholſterer*.—There comes a fo- "reign fellow, that ſerves Lord Muſkall; "he imports every year large quantities of "eſſences and perfumes of every ſort from "Italy—he is the *Merchant of Venice*."—— "Really," interrupted Bruce, "you ſeem to "be quite maſter of the ſubject; you have "adapted theſe names very ſkilfully—I pre- "ſume ſome of your club read."—"Some "few—there are about five or ſix of us "who are dabs at ſcholarſhip—all theſe read "you every play and poem as they come "out—but we begin to think of leaving it "off, for it grows damned vulgar: our

"maſters

" maſters and miſtreſſes have diſdained the
" thing a long time—when they threw it
" off, we took it up; but it is really be-
" come ſo very ungenteel, that I think (as
" we are ſometimes obliged in the way of
" our profeſſion to handle the pen) the riſ-
" ing generation of footmen muſt hit upon
" a ſcheme for learning to write, without
" ever degrading themſelves by learning to
" read."

Another party now entered:—" That
" chap in the blue and white livery trim-
" med with ſilver lace," ſaid John, " is a
" deviliſh ſhrewd lad; he aſſiſted *Sir Gretna*
" *Green* in carrying off the great Welch
" heireſs, and has done a vaſt deal of buſineſs
" in that way—he is here known as *The*
" *Beaux Stratagem:* he is growing rich,
" and I fancy will ſoon reſign.—The mid-

" dle-aged man is one that's always ripe
" with ſome comical ſtory, with which he
" ſometimes keeps our ſociety upon the
" roar for a whole night; his name is *I'll*
" *tell you what.*—That one entering with
" the bottle in his hand, is the purveyor of
" our liquors; he was butler to *Count*
" *Quaff*, and underſtands wine amazingly
" well—he is *The Critic.*"—A briſk, jovial fellow now entered: " Ah, my hearts,
" are you all here?—Come, a propoſal to
" you—and I ſhall make it with dry lips,
" for damme if I'll kiſs the cup till I have
" your agreements:—Here's the poor
" *Deuce is in him* gone dead—turned the
" corner, and ſo forth; he has left his wife
" without much money—what ſay you, my
" merry men all? Suppoſe we kick up a
" little for the poor woman, without leav-

" ing

"ing her to the mortification of applying "to the *charitable and humane and thoſe* "*whom Heaven has bleſſed with affluence.*"

The motion was received with much applauſe; and theſe good fellows, with a benevolence which would have done honour to the nobleſt ſtation, collected a large ſum for the widow of their late companion.

Bruce now took his leave. He had beheld a proof of exalted generoſity in a rank of life, the individuals of which are cenſured becauſe they feel their own importance in the ſcale of human beings, and are cruelly and unjuſtly deſpiſed, becauſe they are dependent upon the wealth, the caprice, and the inſolence of their maſters, to whom they frequently find themſelves ſuperior in intellect, good ſenſe, and knowledge

ledge of the world: among ſuch noble diſpoſitions, the enthuſiaſm of Bruce led him to anticipate faithful friends, and perhaps his romance was ſeldom more excuſable, for their profuſion was the effect of generoſity, and their civility was the language of nature.

It was after ten when Bruce went to Mrs. Lewſton's rooms, where he found her all alone. "My friend is not yet "come, I can't think what keeps her; ſhe "is vaſt alluring, James; ſhe is ſuch a "fine creature, about twenty, with a pretty "little fortune, I aſſure you." Caſt your "eye at her," purſued ſhe, tapping him on the ſhoulder, "caſt your eye at her, or "ſhe will get married before you expect; "Money makes the mare to go."

Br. I am too young to marry, Mrs. Lewſton

Lewſton—beſides I don't know enough of the world.

L. No, no, you are too old to be ſingle, and you know more of the world even than I do, and this is the place to make uſe of it—Here you may make yourſelf friends in abundance.——Mrs. Lewſton's friend now entered, and Lewſton ſpoke very fondly: "My dear Betſy, "where have you been? how long you "ſtayed! What, I ſuppoſe Miſs Benwal "had not done her evening duty? I war-"rant now ſhe has been rehearſing all the "articles of her belief."

Betty. Yes, ſhe has read all the Apocrypha to me. I thought I ſhould have never got away. Then ſhe ſent me to a poor lad who formerly lived with her, to carry a receipt for the evil; ſhe won't let him

him come to her, as all the reſt of the patients do, becauſe he told her a lie ſome little time ago, and ſhe ever ſince calls him her little Gehazi. Then I was obliged to go home to her again, and ſhe had got two or three people from the pariſh in the country; they were ſettling accounts with her in the Gilgal room.

Mrs. L. The *what* room?

Betty. Dear me! did not you know that all our apartments are named after ſcripture?

L. No; what can that mean?

Betty. Every one of 'em—they have all their ſeparate uſes. In one ſhe ſees her ſick people; in another ſhe manages the church affairs; in another ſhe receives the complaints of her penſioners; another ſhe keeps for ſtrangers. And all her rooms have,

as

as I ſaid before, particular names taken from the bible: there is the Ark parlour; there is the little Canaan cloſet; the Red-ſea room—that's where the company dine; the Moſes and Aaron drawing-room, where ſhe entertains her two rectors in town and country, with the principal managing people of the charities. There's the Shem and Japheth dreſſing-room, where ſhe diſtributes the apparel which ſhe gives away—I can't remember half the names of the places where, as ſhe ſays, ſhe *does her functions*; and indeed we all owe Ainſworth, our fellow-ſervant, who was a player, and firſt put it in her head to nickname them, we all owe him a grudge for adviſing her to continue the cuſtom.

Mrs. L. I never heard, in all the works I ever

I ever read, of ſuch a woman as Miſs Benwal.

Bruce. Really I ſhould think your houſe muſt be like an inn—I ſuppoſe, when any body calls on Miſs Benwal, the order is "Shew them into the Lamentations."

Betty. Ha! ha! I've heard of Mr. James's humour before I ſaw him—a friend of mine, indeed, ſpoke ſo handſomely of him, that I muſt have known him if I had not been told who he was. There are people whom one as it were *predeſtinates*, I think my miſtreſs calls it—I beg pardon, Sir, but I am ſo uſed to talk church language, that I hope you'll excuſe it.

The girl continued, all the evening, to ogle Bruce. He went home with her, and it was not without difficulty that he extricated

extricated himſelf from the influence of her eyes. He returned to Mrs. Lewſton, and from her collected an account of the miſtreſs. Miſs Benwal was a good and a weak woman; and ſhe was infinitely pious. Her fortune was large, but ſhe limited her expences from the moſt laudable of all motives, that ſhe might be able to diſtribute without ſplendour, and without error, "*health to the ſick, and ſolace to the ſwain.*" Her whole time was nearly occupied in theſe exemplary employments, which were ſo many and ſo various, accompanied with ſuch intricacies of impoſition, and attended with ſuch frequent diſplays of miſtaken benevolence, that envious malignity would raiſe falſe reports, and wicked wit ridiculous laughs, at Miſs Benwal's expence. It ſhould, however, be conſidered that much

general good cannot be done without infinite labour, even by an opulent benefactor. Miſs Benwal might have beſtowed ſmaller donations with more brilliancy, if ſhe had confined her charity to a leſs circle, but ſhe was anxious to do much good, and to many people. The part ſhe took in a variety of concerns induced one eternal ſcene of reſtleſs irritation through her whole life. Slight diſtreſſes were to be appeaſed, and trifling wiſhes to be gratified. She entered with ſtrenuous diligence into every petitioner's concerns; and her fear of being impoſed upon rendered her inquiries ſometimes ſuperfluous, and often abſurd. Her houſe was crowded with paupers, yet ſhe had an odd whim of giving to none but ſuch as were perfectly clean, and always profeſſed to receive only

the

the *neat and the needy*. Complaints of various kinds were often brought before her, and ſhe adjuſted them more by authority than ſkill. A poor woman came to her to complain that what ſhe had earned in the week, had been taken from her by a drunken huſband, "who was always in "the alehouſe, and never at home."—— "Heark'ye, good woman, do you under- "ſtand the Trinity."——"Pleaſe you, "Madam?"——"I ſay do you underſtand "the conſtruction of the Trinity?"—— "Why, if it's like your honour, Madam, "I think I—you know, Madam, I dare "ſay; and if you know it, your honour, "we all know it, for your ladyſhip's ho- "nour underſtands for the whole pariſh." ——"Ho! ho!—I ſee how it is; why,

"woman, how can you have the face to "come into my holy houſe, and not be "able to explain your religion? And how "d'ye ever expect your huſband to ſtay at "home with you if you don't underſtand "the Trinity."——"Will your honour, "Madam, be kind enough to explain it." ——"No, I won't indeed, you're not wor- "thy of being acquainted with the Trinity; "go away, go home to your drunken huſ- "band; poor good man, I dare ſay he has "plague enough with you,—there, go "away, and never let me ſee you again."

Miſs Benwal went regularly to church, but forbad any of her dependants to recognize her in ſo ſacred a place: "take care "of your *to come*," was her reproof to a poor man who one day made her a pro-

found reverence in the aiſle; "no bowing "of the body when God is in company; "churches were not built to bow in."

The girl whom Bruce had met, was a great favourite with Miſs Benwal. She took her in ſome meaſure from her demure appearance, as well as on account of her name, which had been renowned in the annals of holy mother church. Betty Tillotſon was juſt ſeventeen, tall, and well made, with a pair of black eyes which were remarkably brilliant. She dreſſed affectedly plain, and her converſation was always diſguiſed by a ſimper, under which ſhe ſaid many odd things. Betty was not what ſhe ſeemed; ſhe valued her reputation highly, as ſhe knew it was all ſhe had to value, except her perſon. Of her miſtreſs's devotion ſhe had only the ſemblance,

and never opened her prayer-book but ſhe turned over a *new* leaf. Miſs Benwal always took her to church, and Miſs Benwal's pew was the object of general admiration. "You ſee, Betty," was her miſtreſs's conſtant remark, "You ſee how "my humble ſanctity attracts the public "eye."——"True, Madam, you have to "be ſure introduced *a new form of wor-* "*ſhip*."——"No, Betty, mine is the "eſtabliſhed religion of my country."

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

I learn
Now of my own experience, not by talk,
How counterfeit a coin they are who friends
Bear in their ſuperſcription (of the moſt
I would be underſtood:) in proſp'rous days
They ſwarm, but in adverſe withdraw their head
Not to be found though ſought.

MILTON's *Samſon Agoniſtes.*

To all my foes, dear fortune, ſend
Thy gifts, but never to my friend.
I tamely can endure the firſt,
But this with envy makes me burſt.

SWIFT's *Verſes on his own Death.*

Periſh the hope that deadens young deſire!
Purſue, poor imp, th' imaginary charm,
Indulge gay hope and fancy's pleaſing fire;
Fancy and hope too ſoon ſhall of themſelves expire!

BEATTIE's *Minſtrel*, part 1, v. 34.

BRUCE, who was appointed to carry the caſket to Miſs Meredyth the next day, went to the jeweller, and before he

waited on her, called at Lord Warynton's, who was at breakfaſt with Colonel Orford and Mr. Evelyne. When Bruce arrived, the Colonel, after having ſlightly noticed him, took his leave. His lordſhip was exhilarated at again ſeeing Bruce. "You are "come very a-pro-pos, for I have written a "note which I wiſh you to take care of: "wait a few minutes, while my little friend "Evelyne ſatisfies my curioſity upon a ſub-"ject of ſome importance; I will ſeal my "letter, and we will then hear what he has "to impart: you may remain here, as you "can perhaps yourſelf now throw ſome "light on the narrative." Lord Warynton began reading his letter, and ſighed very bitterly at the remembrance of Miſs Meredyth. He endeavoured to diſguiſe his ſorrow, and mentioning his ſon, addreſſed

Evelyne

Evelyne with affected levity; " I expect
" Tom from Eton in a few days; I hope
" you will go down with us to Mount-
" bridge while he is with me; Tom's a
" merry dog, and will make your time paſs
" agreeably; I ſhall be very happy to ſee
" him in ſuch company as your's, and
" highly obliged that you will kindly relin-
" quiſh your more rational avocations to
" paſs a little time with my young rebel."
Evelyne received the invitation with grati-
tude and propriety. " Your lordſhip has
" ſo many noble ways of conferring fa-
" vours, and extending beneficence, that I
" am deſtitute even of expreſſion to thank
" you: the delight of thoſe happy days
" I paſſed with your ſon Mr. Harwal, at
" Eton, where his generoſity was refined
" by his friendſhip, can be exceeded only

" by the felicity which you are ſo perpe-
" tually laviſhing upon me. The patro-
" nage which I ſo long fooliſhly expected
" from others, with all the eagerneſs of
" youthful credulity, I have been honoured
" with by your lordſhip beyond my ex-
" pectations, and beyond my deſerts. The
" vapid promiſes of profeſſors in friendſhip,
" have yet been of infinite uſe to me; for as
" a charming writer * has obſerved in one
" of his admirable poems,

Le ſperanze fuggitivi e incerte
Sogni ſon di chi dorme a ciglia aperta.

" They have taught me the great leſſon of
" life, never to expect bounties, and never
" to forget them."

A ſketch of Evelyne's character and

* Fulvio Teſti.

ſituation

ſituation in life may here be acceptable. He became acquainted with lord Warynton by an intimacy with his lordſhip's ſon at Eton ſchool, which Evelyne had quitted three years before.

Evelyne was a young man of eligible fortune, and of abilities which he did not always diſplay. He had not a large acquaintance, nor were his good qualities very generally known. It requires great abilities and great confidence in any man to ſtep forth the publiſher of his own intellectual ſupremacy, and to demand a reſpect which the world is not often willing to grant; for mankind rather than eſtimate it too highly, will not eſtimate it at all, and it is not every one who can patiently bear the refuſal.

Evelyne's virtues I fear mentioning too highly.

highly. They were of that eaſy and complacent kind which, without loftineſs or radiance, attracted no ſtranger, but pleaſed every friend. An even temper, and a lively diſpoſition, made him tolerably agreeable to others, and invariably happy within himſelf. An averſion to the buſtle of public entertainment induced him to paſs much of his time in ſolitude, though his love of ſocial pleaſure was very great. His leiſure hours were conſtantly employed in tranquil avocations, and rational ſtudy, but he was yet much delighted to find himſelf in the circles of the wiſe, the gay, and the learned, and among theſe he did not often paſs an hour without much profit and ſome honour.

He was in company remarkably ſilent, but upon occaſions where he was attracted by

by kindneſs or rouſed by inſolence, it was ſaid of him, that he could with unexpected brilliancy reſcue his character from the imputation of weakneſs; that he could repay good-breeding with elegance, and mortify pride with unremitting ſeverity.

Lord Warynton, with a generous friendſhip *took him by the hand*, introduced him to his houſe, to his table, and to his friends. Evelyne, notwithſtanding his love of ſolitude, had ſtill long wiſhed to be more known in public. Many people had promiſed to preſent him in different circles, and at various ſocieties. Many had profeſſed their eſteem, but no one had ventured to enlarge the number of his acquaintance, or to *introduce him into the world*; that great ſource of reputation and advantage had been ſtudiouſly eluded through the ſelfiſh caution

tion of ſome, and unkindly omitted through the petty negligence, and cruel indifference of others. The truth is, he whoſe claims to diſtinction ariſe from intellectual merit, muſt by ſome ſucceſsful effort make thoſe claims appear; he will rarely find a friend ſufficiently generous and diſintereſted to elicit, by a diligent concurrence, thoſe talents which may conſtitute a rival: his acquaintance will repreſs his emulation with envious malignity, and his friends will treat his enterpriſes with ſupercilious coldneſs. His honeſt emulation, his hopes for fame, his inceſſant diligence, his ſanguine reliance on *amicable* proteſtation, will all be ſacrificed to his want of intereſt: glow of wit, fervour of imagination, and ſolidity of knowledge, charm in the acquaintance whoſe *perſonal* conſequence commands reſpect; but if diſ-

played

played in thoſe who have nothing but genius, they are ſpurned and blaſted by the artifices of envy, and the malevolence of friendſhip. One trait of Evelyne will exhibit his turn of thought. He had dined frequently at Lord Warynton's, and the day before Bruce called, he ſat down with a ſplendid company, where, in rank and fortune, he knew himſelf inferior. He was placed near Lord Warynton, oppoſite to two boys of faſhion, whoſe pertneſs and clamour diſtinguiſhed them from the reſt of the company. They had frequently remarked the taciturnity of Evelyne, and were very deſirous to make an experiment upon his diffidence. Lord Warynton found, that in ſo brilliant a company, his young gueſt Evelyne was not noticed, and therefore, with that charming beneficence which diſtinguiſhes a great

mind,

mind, he ſelected him as *his* companion for the day.

" I lament, Mr. Evelyne, that you ne-
" ver travelled." *Lord Q.* " Bleſs me,
" my lord, that gentleman muſt ſurely tra-
" vel a great deal, for he is always *abſent.*"
Evelyne coloured at this unmerited ſarcaſm from a ſtranger. " I believe, Sir," obſerved the honourable Mr. B. brother to the pert young peer juſt mentioned, " I
" believe, Sir, that I had the pleaſure of
" ſeeing you yeſterday *put into* Adams's, the
" globe-maker, in Fleet-Street." " Ay,"
replied Lord Q. " that's a proof that he has
" ſeen the *world.*" Here they both laughed, and the company joined them. Lord Warynton was hurt for his friend; he turned to them; " *You* have *both* travelled, I be-
" lieve? *Lord Q.* " We are juſt returned."

" And

" And were you much eſteemed and be-
loved while you were abroad?" The little peer and his brother replied almoſt both in a breath, " So much ſo, that the very ſai-
lors continually crowned us with joyful acclamations." *Evelyne.* " I think, gen-
" tlemen, that's very likely;

" *Puppibus* et læti nautæ impoſuêre coronas."

The ſeverity of this alluſion, given in ſuch a manner, was felt by all who had read Virgil, and underſtood the line.

The laugh was pretty well over, when Lord Warynton ſaid, " Suppoſe now, for
" the ſatisfaction of the company, that one
" of you two gentlemen conſtrue my friend
" Mr. Evelyne's quotation, that we may
" all know ſo excellent and forcible an ad-
" dreſs was not thrown away upon you."

They

They both looked at one another, then bit their lips, and made no reply.

" As I find," ſaid Mr. Temple, that you " neither of you underſtand it, I will, *for* " *the ſatisfaction of the company*, give you " two lines of Dr. Johnſon's London, " which will explain it tolerably well. I " addreſs myſelf to Lord Q.

" Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
" Than when a blockhead's inſult points the dart."

Mr. Temple's bitter application of theſe admirable lines, added to the former ſarcaſms; their ignorance in not underſtanding Evelyne's, and the laugh occaſioned by their receiving theſe lines as a tranſlation of the Latin, ſunk the two petty prattlers to the loweſt ſtate of abject confuſion.

Such was the youth, who obtained, through the ſolicitous kindneſs of Lord Warynton,

Warynton, an acquaintance with men and manners, and was enabled to move in a more enlarged and elegant circle of acquaintance.

Lord Warynton having now ſealed his letter, deſired Evelyne to begin the narrative, in which he was ſo highly intereſted: Evelyne commenced: "In my account, I ſhall "begin with your lordſhip's friend, Lord "Spelman, as the circumſtances of his life "are an introduction to the hiſtory of the "lady in queſtion.

'Lord Spelman had been of age two years. He was the picture of elegant perfection. His perſon was uncommonly fine, and he appeared to have been trained by the Graces to every refinement of ſtudied elegance. He ſpoke incomparably well; and, though he ſeldom inſtructed, yet he was al-

ways ſure to charm every hearer, by the muſic of his voice, and the ſweetneſs of his periods. He was, at ſchool, not ſo remarkable for dulneſs as inſipience; for abſence of ideas, and a total vacancy of character. His father had been a grave, ſolid, ſedate man, who attended the buſineſs of the ſenate, without diſturbing or underſtanding the debates. He got into his carriage with a mechanical regularity, and every day performed his revolutions about the capital, which filled up his time till the hours came in which he was to *aſſiſt* at public places, to behold and be ſeen by ſocieties which he cared little about. But he was reſpected for his integrity, his equanimity, and the ſmoothneſs of his character, which did not often offend, becauſe it never delighted. Lady Spelman, the mother of the preſent

lord, was a lucky woman, raiſed from a very obſcure origin to ſudden affluence. Lord Spelman, who caught her in ſome of the country towns, or petty villages, adjacent to the metropolis, brought her to London, married her, and introduced her very young to all the faſhionable places of reſort. She was in time *decrottée*. She forgot, very ſucceſsfully, the ſociety ſhe had left, and the harmony of her former companions, the *lambs bleat, and the linnets ſong*. She now attained gradually ſome graces and ſome diſcretion, but no allurements of any kind. Her huſband taught her the uſeful leſſon of ſeldom ſpeaking; and ſhe practiſed a reſerved dignity, which gave her few ſpeeches an air of haughty beneficence, as if ſhe conferred a favour by vouchſafing to communicate her—or rather other

people's ideas. She maintained the partiality of Lord Spelman, by a reſolute repulſe of every civility from every man; with which, however, ſhe was not often aſſailed. Her frigid deportment once induced a female to call her *a well dreſſed iſicle*. Her lofty behaviour threw ſome energy into her compoſition, for without ſuch a requiſite ſhe would have been an abſolute *nonentity* in mind, one of thoſe women who "*have no character at all*;" and if this conduct had not occaſionally induced ſome *candid* friends to hint at her *origin*, ſhe would have had poſitively nothing remarkable about her.

Theſe were the progenitors of young Lord Spelman; and from inſtructors ſo flimſy, little could be expected. Reared under the influence of ſuch a combination

as

as dulneſs and inexperience on one hand, and frivolous imbecillity on the other, Lord Spelman entered the world without literature, without vivacity, without ſenſibility. He deteſted books, and never frequented any ſociety where the converſation was inſtructive*. He ſeldom underſtood wit, and readily therefore rejected the lively ſallies of the ſprightly and ingenious.

His fortune was very ample; and it had no incumbrance of any kind, for exceſſive prodigality was not one of his vices. His private life afforded one curious inſtance of romantic caprice. Miſs Meredyth was a

* Sa figure & les graces extérieures de ſa perſonne 'etoient telles que la nature n'a peut-être jamais rien formè de plus accompli . . . . . Enfin tous les avantages du corps parloient pour lui, mais ſon eſprit ne diſoit pas un petit mot en ſa faveur. Il' n'avoit de ſentiment que ce qu'on lui en inſpiroit . . . . .

See Les Memoires de Grammont, p. 2, ch. 4.

young lady of ſome family, and great wealth. Lord Spelman had met her in the country, and was ſtruck with the elegance of her figure, and the graces of her deportment. He inquired her name, character, and ſituation. Miſs Meredyth, he was told, had refuſed many offers of marriage from men of the moſt enviable ranks in life. She lived quite alone, both in town and country, with a ſplendour that muſt be ſupported by a very large eſtate. She was viſited by ſome few people near Beaulieu, which was the name of her ſeat; her lively temper and unequalled gaiety were diſplayed in nothing more than in the hoſpitable magnificence at Beaulieu.

This was a ſingular account, "Did ſhe "profeſs never to admit the addreſſes of a "lover?" On the contrary, ſhe had received many,

many, but marriage ſhe ſeemed totally averſe to. Lord Spelman ſaw her again. He danced with her, they ſupped afterwards, and ſat together. He mentioned ſome fine pictures he had lately purchaſed: "I am "informed, Madam, that at Beaulieu you "have a beautiful Claude, and ſome other "delightful pictures. I wiſh I had a friend "whoſe intereſt with you would obtain "permiſſion for me to admire them."

"Beaulieu is ever open to all well-bred "encouragers of the arts; and I will even "invite your lordſhip to dine with me to-"morrow: if you will come early, you can "ſurvey the pictures; and I am told there "are ſome which merit your attention." Lord Spelman was ſurpriſed at the frankneſs of ſuch an early invitation; he bowed very thankfully, and paid her many compliments

on her reputation for taſte and elegance. The next day he attended Beaulieu before two o'clock. He was aſtoniſhed at the variety of the embelliſhments, diſplayed in a villa built in a ſtile of uncommon taſte and rural ſimplicity. He was led through a hall, an anti-room, and a library, into a ſpacious ſaloon, which fronted the grounds: it was hung with variety of pictures, and furniſhed entirely to correſpond with the building. Here he waited ſome time, during which he examined the pictures, and found ſome of them were of infinite value. The late Lord Spelman had been a collector, had travelled in ſearch of exquiſite productions, and had imparted ſome of his own information to this his ſon. Miſs Meredyth at length appeared alone. She apologized for being *en diſhabille*, but owned

owned ſhe was not an early riſer. She rung the bell, told Lord Spelman ſhe was ready to attend him, and propoſed entering a room on the left from the library. They walked into a beautiful little apartment, in which was ſome few ſmall paintings, and a very fine organ, with other muſical inſtruments diſpoſed near it. A table was ſpread with fruit, and other refreſhments, and a very fine girl, neatly dreſſed, was playing on a harp. She roſe at their entrance, and his lordſhip, of courſe, intreated he might not interrupt the melody, but earneſtly begged a repetition of the air which ſhe had juſt finiſhed. The girl looked with an inquiring face at Miſs Meredyth, who ſaid, "Sing, Duvair, you have a good voice; "and we muſt uſe every endeavour to "make Lord Spelman's time paſs agree-

"ably,

" ably, when he honours us with a viſit." Duvair repeated the lively air, which was French. Lord Spelman requeſted the words. She made no anſwer, but ſung it again. The words were Bainville's:

L'autre jour l'enfant de Cythére
Sous une treille à demi-gris,
Diſoit en parlant à ſa mère
" Je bois a toi ma chére Iris :"
Venus le regarde en colère . . . . .
" Calmer maman votre courroux
" Si je vous prends pour ma bergere
" J'ai pris cent fois Iris pour vous."

The thought was common, but ſhe ſung it divinely. They partook of the refection; and he ſurveyed the room with much ſatisfaction. They entered another apartment, wherein were only portraits, and among them a noble one of Miſs Meredyth. The library was next viſited; and the books were found

found to conſiſt of hiſtory, poems, novels, and dramas in Engliſh, French, and Italian. The collection was ſmall, but very excellent. They entered the grounds, which were beautifully laid out; and though the whole was in the modern ſtyle, yet in theſe, as well as in the houſe, there was a novelty and a ſingularity not unpleaſing. It was now after five o'clock, and the dinner-bell had rung. Lord Spelman and the ladies therefore returned to the houſe, and entered the eating-room, which he had not yet ſeen. It was rather neat than ſplendid. The dinner was ſerved with great elegance, and attended by a ſuitable retinue of ſervants. Both the ladies dined with him. The converſation was very lively, and turned principally on what they had ſeen in the morning. Wonder and perplexity had, however,

however, taken full poſſeſſion of Lord Spelman's mind. He ſaw himſelf at the houſe, and at the table, of a ſingle woman, who, with a beautiful perſon, large fortune, and various accompliſhments, ſeemed, in that ſituation, perfectly *iſolée*. He ſaw no improper levity in her behaviour, yet ſhe was not grave; but he obſerved ſhe had a languiſhing air in her eyes, which he thought was ſometimes *very expreſſive*. He could aſk no queſtions; nor could he, with much probable propriety, invite her to paſs a day with him at his houſe in town, or at his ſeat, which was two hundred miles diſtant. He found her convivial talents ſprightly and agreeable; once or twice he thought more than agreeable. Theſe reflections were at laſt interrupted by Miſs Duvair, who intreated Miſs Meredyth to oblige her with a

ſong,

ſong, in return for the air ſhe rehearſed in the morning. She rung for the harp, and Miſs Meredyth ſung ſo infinitely ſuperior to her companion, with ſuch exquiſite melody and refined taſte, that Lord Spelman was enraptured. The words were her own:

Vainly ſhines the light of reaſon,
Beaming faint in early day;
Dazzling in the ſofter ſeaſon,
Love and rapture to betray.

II.

The froſts of wint'ry age extinguiſh
All that early youth could ſhew;
And Reaſon's tomb we then diſtinguiſh,
The heart of ſtone, the head of ſnow.

Love and delight ſparkled in the eyes of Lord Spelman. He was going to entreat another ſong, when coffee was announced; and when he had written the words of the air in his pocket-book, he followed the ladies

dies to the muſic-room. Duvair preſided at the tea-table, and Miſs Meredyth took her ſeat at the organ, where ſhe played a fine piece, and then ſung another air enchantingly. "What an heavenly woman!" ſaid Lord Spelman to himſelf; "and how "equivocally ſituated!" He repeated his acknowledgments for the infinite pleaſure he had received, and almoſt requeſted permiſſion to repeat his viſit. When the time came at which he propoſed going, ſhe invited him to ſup. He could not decline it, and the evening paſſed in the ſame lively courſe of diverſified entertainment. He knew not what to ſay at his departure, but he at length determined to invite Miſs Meredyth to town. She did not aſſent, but replied, that Lord Spelman would ſurely not leave the country without honouring her

her with another viſit. He readily promiſed to attend her, and took his leave. The whole night was employed in conſidering what this girl could be. He found himſelf more intereſted in her ſituation than he expected. He roſe next day, and drove about the country, aſking every one he knew, if they could tell him the family, the general conduct, the fortune, and the connections of Miſs Meredyth. She was very generally known, univerſally admired, and occaſionally viſited. He was impatient till he ſaw her again. He called twice, and left his card. A concert in the neighbourhood afforded him another interview, and another invitation. The intimacy increaſed, till Lord Spelman grew ſo enamoured of this extraordinary woman, that he vehemently ſolicited a ſpeedy marriage.

It

It was one day when they had dined alone, and he had ſaid every thing that love could inſpire, and confidence ſuggeſt, after a ſhort ſilence, Miſs Meredyth thus addreſſed him: "You are the only man, my lord, I have "ever yet met, whom I ſhould be happy "to ſelect as a huſband, though I have had "many offers of the moſt eligible kind; "but I will be as ingenuous and diſinte-"reſted, as you have been fond and un-"thinking: you know little of me from "my character, or my ſituation; I have "every requiſite of fortune, affection, ten-"derneſs, and ſincerity, to conſtitute your "happineſs and my own, as a faithful "friend; but I have no qualities to endear "me to you as a wife. However unbe-"coming this declaration may appear to "you, and however ſeverely you may judge

"of

" of me as a light libertine, I have too high
" a value for *your* peace, for your charac-
" ter, and for my own integrity, to ally
" myſelf to a man of honour, while I am
" conſcious that paſſion or caprice might
" deſtroy my conſtancy; and that a huſ-
" band, adorned with every virtue, might
" become a victim to *my* infidelity."

Lord Spelman was overwhelmed with aſtoniſhment at this extraordinary ſpeech. He felt a magnanimity in her refuſal, which declined all the advantages of rank and reſpect, and at the ſame time carried with it her own condemnation. He was infatuated with her beauties and her manners; he was pleaſed with her ſtyle of living; and, above all, he was charmed with her frankneſs and liberality. Such were his reflections; but ſome anſwer was to be made to

her declarations. He pauſed for a few minutes.

" The candour and friendſhip, Madam, " with which you have treated me, merit " more praiſes than I am able to offer you; " as you prefer that mode of living which " yields pleaſure, rather than reputation, " may I hope that I ſhall be more favour- " ably received in the character of a lover " than in that of a huſband?"

Miſs Meredyth declined giving a direct aſſent to his ſupplication. A few days, however, terminated their ſituation; and Lord Spelman was at laſt added to the liſt of thoſe who had ſhared, at Beaulieu, the unlimited gratifications of luxury and love. Two years had this licentious intimacy continued; during which, Lord Spelman, with a faſcination known only to the moſt

ardent

ardent and moſt weak of lovers, frequently implored the eſtabliſhment of their mutual regard, by a ſacred and indiſſoluble union: but no intreaties could prevail on Miſs Meredyth to reſign that liberty which ſhe ſo much valued, and of which ſhe made ſo ill a uſe. She never would be compelled to make a vow ſhe could not ratify; nor would ſhe put it out of Lord Spelman's power to ſelect another woman, whoſe principles of virtue, and luſtre of fame, might enſure her own happineſs, and that of Lord Spelman.

This gay intercourſe was, however, now daily growing leſs permanent. Miſs Meredyth had a new lover; and Lord Spelman, whoſe inclinations became more domeſtic, wiſhed for a woman whom, as a wife, he could introduce to his friends,

whom he could admire without diſgrace, and love without ſatiety. He ſtill, however, continued his viſits to Miſs Meredyth, who diſdained every other tribute but voluntary attachment; and had the firmneſs to tell him, that the inſtant he married, their acquaintance muſt ceaſe; that ſhe never would diſturb that tranquillity which in a family is the foundation of all virtue, and all happineſs; and ſtill leſs would ſhe give pain to a valuable woman, whoſe intrinſic worth would be ſuperior to her own, though ſhe might not poſſeſs an equal power of pleaſing. She told him, that a new lover had offered the incenſe of admiration at the ſhrine of her beauty, and confeſſed herſelf partial to his perſon and diſpoſition. She recommended to Lord Spelman, to marry without delay, not be-

cauſe

cauſe ſhe wiſhed to decline his friendſhip, but to promote his welfare. She named ſeveral women of rank and accompliſhments; and, among others, Miſs Emily Bryant, whoſe high character, and fine accompliſhments, rendered her a proper companion for a man of Lord Spelman's amiable turn of mind. She concluded by declaring, that ſhe had no claim upon his lordſhip's affection or generoſity; for that it was perfectly juſt, as "*his love was a violent commencement in him, that ſhe ſhould ſee an anſwerable ſequeſtration.*" Lord Spelman has, I hear, taken her advice; he was lately introduced to Lady Bryant; and, when Miſs Bryant returns from the country, which will be very ſoon, his lordſhip will, it is ſuppoſed, pay his addreſſes in form: and who can doubt, but the elegance of his

manners, the elevation of his rank, and the ſplendour of his opulence, will ſecure him a place in the heart of the young lady. This, my lord, is the account I have received; but I muſt entreat you will not diſcover any part of what I have ſaid. Miſs Meredyth's accompliſhments are doubtleſs equal to her beauty; and no one can be acquainted with her, but they muſt involuntarily participate the charms of intellectual pleaſure; and they, as Mr. Sheridan ſays,

> Will gladly light, their homage to improve,
> The lamp of knowledge at the torch of love.'

Evelyne here concluded his detail; which Lord Warynton received with many thanks. At the name of Miſs Bryant, Bruce was alarmed; he found a new and powerful rival oppoſing his welfare; and he could not help fearing, that Emily, ſeduced by

by the gaudy temptations of high rank, would totally forget his ſufferings and his ardour. He however conſoled himſelf, that he ſhould be near to interrupt the ſuit, if Emily had any love, or any virtue.

Lord Warynton gave him a ſecond note to Miſs Meredyth. He received a packet of cards from Lady Bryant; and when he had delivered them, waited on Miſs Meredyth. As he went up the ſtreet, he ſaw her at the window; ſhe ſmiled at ſeeing him; and when he entered the room, her firſt apoſtrophe was, " No expreſs, I hope, " from the doating peer!"

Bruce. I am unfortunate enough, Madam, to be the ambaſſador of his heart.

Miſs Meredyth. I forgive him upon your account. Have you called at the jeweller's?

Bruce gave her the caſket. She took out a ring, which was hair in diamonds; and, preſenting it to him, " I am not " aſhamed to confeſs, that the man whoſe " mind is above his ſituation, whoſe ſen- " ſibility, and accompliſhments, would " adorn the loftieſt rank, though he moves " in a ſphere much inferior to mine; I do " not bluſh to own, that he has won my " heart: if you can find ſuch a man, and " ſurely you are not dull, give him that " bauble; remind him that I have acknow- " ledged all I dare acknowledge, and I leave " the reſt to his generoſity and his diſcern- " ment." Miſs Meredyth hid her bluſh- ing face in her handkerchief, and was ſome time before ſhe looked at Bruce; he was ſurpriſed at her confeſſion, and for a few minutes was loſt in thought: " I know but

" of

" of one unfortunate man, Madam, to
" whom you can allude; and what a ſitua-
" tion is he in, when I tell you, upon my
" honour, that he has not a heart to give!
" His faith, his love, his fame, are all
" pledged to another—Be not inconſide-
" rately violent with him for his misfor-
" tunes—none can behold your beauties
" without languiſhing in deſpair; and no-
" thing but the religion of love could de-
" ter an admirer from adoration.—Pardon
" me, Madam, for my abrupt—for my al-
" moſt inſolent reply: you cannot be more
" ſenſible to your own attractions than I
" am—I could gaze for ever on that lovely
" form—it's luſtre and influence might
" diſpel every conſideration, but the hope
" of gaining your favours—Thoſe principles
" of truth and honour muſt be ſtrong in-

" deed,

" deed, that do not melt away at the ra-
" diance of your charms—Think me not
" vain or preſumptuous!—my life I ſhould
" conſider as a contemptible ſacrifice, if
" placed in competition with your beauty;
" and if I offend you by truth, you will, I
" hope, conſider the nature of my offence,
" and not judge of me too ſeverely."

Miſs Meredyth coloured with conſcious ſhame; ſhe fixed her eyes for ſome time on the ground; then addreſſing Bruce, at firſt with a forced ſmile, " Do not imagine,
" that, like many others of my ſex, I am
" unreaſonably deſirous of indulging my
" own wiſhes at the expence of every vir-
" tue—I honour your conſtancy, and your
" ſincerity—I requeſt you will accept the
" trifle I juſt offered you, and let me in-
" treat that I may never ſee you more."

Bruce

Bruce was much ſurpriſed at her reply; he looked for all the rage and diſdain of a ſlighted woman: if he was before pleaſed with her beauty, he was now delighted to extaſy at the candour and gentleneſs with which ſhe received her diſappointment: "I "can have no title, Madam, to the poſſeſ- "ſion of ſo valuable a gift as this ring; you "muſt indeed excuſe my accepting it; I "can have no merit in your eyes, and very "little in my own; for however you may "admire the efforts I make to preſerve the "fidelity towards my real miſtreſs unſul- "lied, I can never, perhaps, help reproach- "ing myſelf for having ſlighted generous "munificence, and having wounded an "elegant mind." Miſs Meredyth was much affected; Bruce ſaw and pitied her agitation: ſhe compoſed herſelf; and, after

gazing

gazing upon him ſome time very tenderly, " I entreat you ſay no more. I muſt have " ſunk in your eſtimation beneath the " loweſt of my ſex; I own myſelf ſtung by " your conduct, with all that can be in- " flicted by diſappointment and diſgrace: " but I receive your reproof without bit- " terneſs, and without malice; you are maſ- " ter of your own heart, and that ſhould " teach me to be miſtreſs of mine. The wo- " man to whom you cannot impart love or " eſteem, you may perhaps be inclined to " pity: keep the ring in memory of one " whoſe indiſcretions may probably meet " with ſome lenity from you, when they do " not interfere with your own intereſts. " I cannot ſay more, and only deſire that " you will never ſpeak of me; and, above " all, that you will never ſee me again.

" May

" May you, in whatever ſituation you are
" placed, be recompenſed for your con-
" ſtancy to your miſtreſs, and enjoy every
" gratification you can deſire or deſerve!"

Miſs Meredyth retired; and Bruce, who was much grieved for her ſufferings, came away. She had put the ring into his hand, and it would therefore have been ſlighting her to refuſe it. As he went home, he reproached himſelf for treating her with coolneſs; was it gallant? was it even polite? He almoſt determined to return, and be more ardent; to offer her his heart, with frankneſs and gaiety; to acknowledge himſelf culpable, in the higheſt degree, for being dull to the pleaſures of love; and for having been groſsly diſobedient to the CANONS OF GALLANTRY, by which all men, and eſpecially young men, ought to be go-

verned. Thus irreſolute, he turned the corner of a ſtreet, where he met Lord Warynton, who came up to him with all the eagerneſs of expectation; and, ſeizing him by the ſhoulder, "Well, my better genius, "am I to be bound to you for ever for the "greateſt bounty you could procure me?" Bruce was in a very aukward ſituation; Miſs Meredyth's converſation had been the only object of his thoughts; and Lord Warynton was quite forgotten, for ſhe had not even read his letter. It was ſome time before Bruce could anſwer him: "I have "done every thing, my lord, that ſkill and "diligence could ſuggeſt, but without the "ſmalleſt proſpect of ſucceſs. I am juſt "come from Miſs Meredyth, who has "commanded me never to ſee her more."

Lord Warynton, after lamenting his ill

fortune, thanked Bruce for his care; and declared his perfect ſatisfaction and belief of Bruce's exertions. "Your own hiſtory "muſt be curious, and I ſhall be happy to "be more acquainted with it. Sir Ed-"ward Bryant's family are going to paſs "ſome time with us at my houſe in the "country; I have juſt ſeen Lady Bryant, "and requeſted that ſhe will permit you to "call on my ſon at Eton, and leave that "letter: ride with him to Mountbridge, "where you are to remain till we all come "down. You will attend young Mr. "Bryant, who is to go with you. It may "be a week or more before we come there, "as Miſs Bryant is not returned from Mrs. "Ellyſon's; if ſhe comes home ſooner, we "ſhall ſet off immediately." After receiving this intelligence, Bruce parted from his

his lordſhip. He went immediately home, and was ordered by Lady Bryant to prepare for his excurſion the next day. To Bruce, Lewſton deſcanted very copiouſly on the folly of that arrangement; in which ſhe diſcovered all that was wrong and ill judged: "Don't you remember, Mr. James, "that it was always a rule with Sir Charles "Grandiſon, when he ſent his ſervants "into the country, to let it be for the pro-"per and the fit? And don't you recol-"lect, that when Lady Betſy Thoughtleſs, "and Lord Peregrine Pickle, in Squire "Fielding's novel of Gil Blas, went to the "North, that they never took any ſervants "with them at all—Then there was, I am "ſure, that character in the Romance of "a Minute,—he that—You know who I "mean?"—

Bruce

Bruce endeavoured to eſcape from the torrent, but without effect; the woman poured forth an inundation of complaints, becauſe ſhe could not ſee why Bruce went down to Mountbridge before the reſt of the family.

During this converſation, a ſervant arrived from Mrs. Ellyſon's, announcing Emily's arrival in two days; and Bruce, who was eager to obtain the earlieſt intelligence of his miſtreſs, to know where ſhe had been, how ſhe had paſſed her time, and all thoſe frivolous circumſtances which conſtitute the delights of a lover, got acquainted with the meſſenger; and, in order to find an opportunity for aſking him the particulars of Miſs Bryant's conduct, prevailed upon him to go that evening to the play. *Va-t-en* was a French domeſtic, who had

attended Mrs. Ellyſon from Paris; and ſhe ſent him to acquaint Sir Edward that ſhe propoſed accompanying Emily to London. The young fellow, who had been well educated, eaſily accepted Bruce's invitation; and they went to Drury Lane, where Mrs. Siddons appeared in the Fair Penitent. When they arrived in the gallery, Bruce commenced his enquiry; but in a few minutes the curtain drew up. Altamont and Horatio entered; the firſt ſpeech was received, as uſual, with no uncommon fervour of applauſe by the audience; but the inſtant when Horatio began his firſt line, which was only the *emphatical*, *high-ſounding*, and *poetical* expreſſion, " Yes, Altamont"—Bruce applauded with ſuch vehemence, and ſuch clamour, that he drew every one's attention. He accompanied his geſtures with

loud

loud exclamations of " The friend! the " friend! Bravo! bravo! Well done friend- " ſhip! Finely ſpoken!" The man who was with him ſtared, and did not at all comprehend this paroxyſm of approbation. At the end of the ſecond act, *Va-t-en* obſerved, that it was an excellent play; that Caliſta was a natural character, if not a moral one. Bruce interrupted him, " O Sir, talk not " of Caliſta—'tis not for her the poet wrote " the play; ſhe has nothing to do in it—it " is Horatio, Sir, the friend, the amicable " hero, the guardian of his Altamont, that " is the ſplendid character of the piece. " Obſerve how nobly he interferes where he " has no buſineſs with what's going for- " ward; mark the rude and groſs terms " in which he ſpeaks to the delicate Ca- " liſta, who never injured him: then, again,

" his refuſal to be reconciled to Altamont,
" ſhews how much he loved him: in ſhort,
" the two great characters of the piece are
" Horatio, the friend of Altamont, and
" Roſſano, the friend of Lothario."——
Va-t-en by no means underſtood all this,
but replied briſkly, " Mais mon Dieu! Le
" Chevalier Shakſpeare—il ecrit en hon-
" nête homme—auſſi il faut avouer que—
" —" Certainly you're right; *his* Horatio,
" as a character, is much ſuperior to his
" Hamlet—for inſtance, you ſee the many
" friends he has; Franciſco, Bernardo, and
" Marcellus, are all his ſworn intimates;
" but you do not ſee that in Hamlet; no,
" no—he tells you, that even his two old
" acquaintances, Roſencraus and Guilden-
" ſtern, whom he had known long, who
" were his ſchoolfellows, his fellow-ſtu-
" dents,

" dents, what does he ſay of them? why,
" forſooth, that he will " *truſt them as he will*
" *adders fanged.*" Now this certainly de-
" preciates the character of his Hamlet."—
" Mais, donc vous aimez l'amitié des ſor-
" ciéres?—No doubt it is a fine trait in
" their characters, and by this unanimity
" they were enabled to perform their incan-
" tations."—" Vous voulez, par hazard,
" que—Monſieur—comment s'appelle le
" bon Monſieur."—" Who d'ye mean?
" what play is it in?"—" Eh! le grand
" nom m'eſt echappé—c'eſt un eſpèce de
" Marquis Blackamoor qui ſe trouve tout
" noir, et qui au lieu de combler ſa petite
" femme charmante par les careſſes au lit
" —mort de ma vie! il y court, il l'at-
" taque, et la voila enfoncée dans l'Oreiller
" brutal!"—" O you mean Othello! Well

 " —there's

" —there's another divine character; you " ſee his amity to Iago; you ſee his charm- " ing confidence in his lieutenant."— " Mais que veut dire cela? la petite ange " ſa femme."—" Nay, he was deceived into " that; it was his violent, furious love for " her, that made him overcome his reaſon, " and ſmother"—" Eh! le bon apotre! " *ſmotter*—mais c'eſt *ſmotter* au de là de " l'expreſſion—on ne va pas étrangler ce " qu'on aime—c'eſt d'aimer à la mode " Angloiſe—on y réconnoit *l'amour conju-* " *gale*, et ma foi, c'eſt ce me ſemble ce " qu'on appelle *conſummate* chez les bons " pates de maris"—" Nay, nay, you do " not ſee this matter in a proper light."— " Comment, quand Monſieur Othello crie " à tue tête " *put out de light*," comment, " Diable! peut on voir goutte?"—" Well,

" I ſee you reliſh Shakeſpeare no more " than the reſt of your countrymen; " Othello's a noble character!"—" Il faut " au moins un cœur de medicin pour tuer " la petite ange."

The play now went on, and the criticiſms ceaſed. They did not ſtay the afterpiece, but Bruce returned home, after totally forgetting, in the ardour of admiration at his friend Horatio, to mention one ſyllable concerning Emily.

Bruce, the next morning, ſet off for Mountbridge; and, in the evening of that day, Miſs Bryant came to London, eſcorted by Mrs. Ellyſon, who, notwithſtanding the moſt preſſing ſolicitations, returned immediately to K——.

CHAP. VI.

Since ſcant the ſource of pleaſure flows,
Inſtruct the fleeting ſtream to guide;
To guide, not to confine,
With every little flower that blows
Around the variable tide.
To deck life's ſober ſhrine,
For every purer joy is thine,
By thee alone are all our cares redreſt,
True wiſdom is the art of being bleſt.

PINKERTON'S RIMES——*Ode to Science.*

WHEN Bruce ſet off with Mr. Bryant, they proceeded till they came to Eton, where they alighted; and, enquiring for Mr. Harwal, he made his appearance, which was ſtriking, for he had a very fine perſon, very careleſsly dreſſed. Dr. N. his tutor, was alſo there. Harwal obtained leave of abſence for that day; and with a few of his chums, ſet off for Lord Warynton's.

Warynton's. They reached the houſe at ten o'clock; and as Mr. Bryant had not breakfaſted, they called and eat a ſlight repaſt at an inn in the neighbourhood; after which the young gentlemen went by themſelves upon a private expedition.

Mr. Harwal, ſon to Lord Warynton, was at this time juſt ſeventeen. He was generally regarded at ſchool as a very idle fellow, for he never attended to his leſſon with diligence; but as he had an aſtoniſhing memory, and uncommon brilliancy of parts, application was not ſo requiſite to him as to many others. His early compoſitions were univerſally admired for ſtrength of imagination and boldneſs of expreſſion; but his negligence and love of pleaſure prevented his attaining a ſteady correctneſs. His ſpirit, vivacity, and ſweetneſs of diſpoſition,

ſition, had made him the favourite of the whole ſchool; while his audacity, and ſkill in miſchief, ſupplied the records of the ſeminary with matchleſs inſtances of intrepid atchievement. The good Dr. N. who was very partial to him, often reminded him of Horace's maxim *.

"This licentious extravagance, Tom, "will never do. No man arrives at emi- "nence by fortuitous exertions; the ſum- "mit of fame is only to be gained by the "perſevering ſtudent; ſuch a lad never is "diſappointed, *ſudavit et alſit*; while your "life conſiſts of nothing but days of ſupine- "neſs, intermingled with ſome few pa- "roxyſms of meditation." Theſe pompous and ſalutary counſels were often re-

* Natura fieret, &c. Horat. De Arte Poet. v. 408.

peated;

peated; and were, unfortunately, often refuted by the ſprightly wit of the diſciple, for Dr. N. loved to argue with him, though Tom generally got the better.

An excellent copy of Latin verſes procured Harwal a preſent from his maſter; it was a little Seneca, a portable edition, which the doctor told him would ſerve him "to read for his entertainment in his leiſure "hours." Tom bowed, and promiſed to take care of the book; he added, "*that the doc-* "*tor ſhould always find it in excellent pre-* "*ſervation.*" He kept his word, for through the fear of injuring ſo elegant a volume, and ſo grave a writer, he put it in paper, *buried* it very ſecurely in a drawer, and wrote upon it *Reſurgam.*

Among other uſeful admonitions which, before his departure for Mountbridge,

Harwal

Harwal received from the doctor, was a ſtrong injunction to frequent the company of ſuch friends as were eminently pious, and who diſplayed, in their lives and actions, a conſtant tenour of virtuous inclinations.

"Of all my acquaintance, Sir," was Harwal's reply, "I moſt admire Miſs "Benwall." "Indeed! d'ye admire Miſs "Benwall! Ah! that's a proof of your "good ſenſe and good heart; my dear boy, "I'm charm'd to ſee this! Really now, "Tom, if any one can inſinuate any adſci- "titious virtues into your juvenile breaſt, if "any one can reclaim that vehement and "inſatiable demand for tumultuous gratifi- "cations, which is *your* principal frailty, "Miſs Benwall is the perſon. She promiſ- "ed to viſit me; I ſhould be happy to ſee "her."

"Why,

" Why, Sir, with ſubmiſſion, I ſhould " think it as well not to aſk her to come " here; but I ſhould be very glad, every " now and then, to paſs a few hours at her " houſe, particularly as I am always ſure of " being received there with the greateſt " *kindneſs and friendſhip*." " That's a fine " opportunity for you, my dear Tom, if you " know how to improve it." " Indeed, Sir, " I always do my beſt."— " Well, ſince I " ſee you ſo partial to that excellent wo- " man, you ſhall have leave of abſence very " frequently." The good doctor kept his word; Harwal went very frequently to Miſs B.'s, and the doctor talked very loudly of this young man's attendance on ſo worthy a woman. Another ludicrous circumſtance drew the attention of Bruce: Dr. N. had a ſiſter, an old dame of the moſt

moſt implacable and repulſive aſperity that can be imagined; ſhe was one of thoſe ſhallow, yet ſelf important creatures, who ſuppoſe peeviſhneſs ſo intimately connected with wiſdom, that they ought never to be ſeparated. She therefore deteſted Harwal for his eternal vivacity, and *inveterate* riſibility. She frequently complained of him to the doctor; and the day when Bruce called, declared, in his own preſence, that he was paſt all cure. "I've tried every "thing," ſaid ſhe, "to reclaim him; but "he ſtill goes on, in ſpite of my teeth!" "Really, ma'am," ſaid Tom, bowing, "I "did not think I had any thing to fear "from that quarter."—"There! there's "for you," replied Mrs. N. "that's like "the wicked and prophane joke he made

"t'other

" t'other day, about Suſannah; for he laughs
" at every body's expence."

When they touched on ſacred things, the worthy doctor very properly thought fit to terminate the argument, by giving a verdict againſt Harwal. " Go, Tom, go " and ſtudy for an hour or two." " He " ſtudy!" ſaid Mrs. N. " he a ſtudent!— " he'll never ſtudy as long as he lives." " Indeed, ma'am," replied Tom, " I ſtudy " very hard, for I often ſit *pouring over* " a compoſition a whole evening together."

Harwal having obtained permiſſion to make an elopement from Eton, for one day, had invited, with young Bryant, three or four more lads, to dine, and ſpend a jolly day with him at his father's, before the arrival of the family. They had a handſome dinner, and variety of wines. Tom

ſhewed

ſhewed himſelf an excellent hoſt; he contributed, by his airy converſation and pleaſantry, as well as by promoting the rapid tranſit of the bottle, to the entertainment of his gueſts. The "*mad wags*" protracted the banquet to a late hour; and, by ten o'clock at night, grew *tolerably mellow*. Horſes and chaiſes were then ready; and they all diſperſed ſeverally, ſome to ſchool, and ſome to town. Harwal and another lad got into a chaiſe, and were proceeding rapidly to Eton, when the motion of the carriage, with poor Harwal's exceſſive inebriety, produced ſo violent a ſickneſs, that they were compelled to ſtop the chaiſe, and order it to return to Mountbridge. Bruce and two ſervants took him out of the chaiſe, and he was carried to bed in a ſtate of inſenſibility. While they were undreſſ-

ing

ing him, his companion delivered an open letter to Bruce: " When Tom's reco-
" vered in the morning," ſaid he, " give
" him that; it's one of Tillotſon's Diſ-
" courſes, which he dropt out of his pocket
" in the chaiſe; and this book too. I ſhall
" inform Dr. N. that he was ſeized with
" a *falling ſickneſs*, and that he will return
" to Eton in a day or two." The book was an Ovid. The firſt part of this ſpeech, which mentioned that the paper was one of *Tillotſon's Diſcourſes*, Bruce did not perfectly comprehend; but looking into it, he ſaw it was a letter in a female hand, ſigned *Elizabeth Tillotſon*, the ſervant of Miſs Benwall, who had a villa near Mountbridge. This excited his curioſity, and he read as follows:

" Dear and honoured young Gentleman,

" YOU was very good indeed to ſend
" me the gifts, and the money; but indeed
" you are a great deal too good to me.
" Couſin Peggy ſays I muſt not meet you
" any more at her houſe, as her huſband is
" frightened leſt we ſhould be found out;
" and if we ſhould, he ſays that Lord Wa-
" rynton would ruin him without mercy.
" Dear Sir, if a poor girl like me loſes her
" character, ſhe is undone. I would do
" any thing, God he knows, and you know
" too well, to pleaſe you, and to ſerve you.
" I've ſeen *Whiſtling Dick*, my lord's old
" ſervant, whom you ſpoke to: he ſays he'll
" die to ſerve you; and ſo I'm ſure would
" any body that knows you, or any ſer-
" vant in my lord's houſe. Miſs Emily,

" and

" and the family of the Bryants, with my
" lord, and her ladyſhip, come down in a
" few days. Lord bleſs me! if you do love
" Miſs Emily, ſure you won't forget a poor
" girl whom you've ſaid ſo much to!
" They ſay that Lord Spelman is deſigned
" for Miſs Emily. Excuſe me, dear and
" honoured Sir, this bad writing, from
" your's till death,

" Elizabeth Tillotſon."

This epiſtle, which informed Bruce how many rivals he had to contend with, was carefully replaced in Mr. Harwal's pocket; and he then retired to reſt, meditating on ſchemes for his future proſperity.

CHAP. VII.

Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,
That even ſhadows have their ſhadows too.

CHURCHILL'S ROSCIAD.

Men of a ſuſceptible nature, the prey of ſucceſſive emotions, for ever happy or miſerable in extremes, often capricious and inconſiſtent, ought to cheriſh their lucid intervals, and dwell upon, and treaſure up in their minds, thoſe maxims of wiſdom and of virtue that in times of internal tumult may aſſuage their diſorder, and adminiſter peace to their ſouls.

RICHARDSON'S *Analyſis of ſome characters in Shakeſpeare*, *p.* 88.

BRUCE had remained in the country above a week, in expectation of Lady Bryant's arrival; and the day was now come, on which the families of the Bryants and the Waryntons were to viſit Mountbridge. It was time for Bruce to conſider in what way he ſhould diſcover

ver himſelf to Emily; or by what artifice he ſhould, if poſſible, ſtill conceal himſelf, even from her recognition. He began now to aſk, what he had before omitted to inquire of his own heart, whether he ſhould have reſolution to perſuade her to elope with him; and, what was of ſtill further importance, whether a young woman of her high breeding, and delicate mind, would conſent to ſuch a haſty union. He knew ſhe loved him; and he well knew that female affections, when ſettled on one object, are indiſſolubly firm. No dangers terrify, no temptations allure, no caprices influence, no tyranny ſubdues, the mind of a woman who is won by tenderneſs and attached by principle: he had every thing, therefore, to expect from her conſtancy, her prudence, and her virtue. Some plan muſt

now be laid, to acknowledge himſelf, without too ſuddenly ſurpriſing her; and care muſt be taken, that when ſhe had perceived the ardour and fidelity of his paſſion, that when ſhe had admired his reſolution, and pardoned his freedom, the proofs of kindneſs and condeſcenſion ſhe might ſhew him, ſhould not be witneſſed by the family. A ſcheme for their mode of life he had already formed: they were to retire into the country; he would write to his father, own the *ſin of clandeſtine marriage*, prevail upon him, if poſſible, to hear and forgive; not only to receive his prodigal ſon, but to "*kill the fatted calf.*" Miſs Bryant's fortune was very large; but his own, in ſome meaſure, depended upon the will of his father, Sir Stephen Bruce, who had not been very liberal, or very regular. He laid great

ſtreſs, in his own mind, upon the marriage, when performed, being irretrievable; and he preſumed, that ſeeing it could not be altered, his father and Sir Edward Bryant would vouchſafe their forgiveneſs.

Theſe reflections naturally led him to anticipate the felicity which he ſhould enjoy with Emily in ſo deſirable a union, a union founded only upon love; love, neither warped by *prudence*, nor weakened by *ſafety*. He repreſented, to his romantic imagination, the charms of rural employment, and innocent recreation. Domeſtic eaſe would be accompanied by harmleſs plenty; the ſports of the field would relieve the pleaſures of the table; and the delights ariſing from ſentiment and fondneſs, would be properly contraſted by the ſocial and manly exerciſes which the country more particu-

larly affords. A numerous and lovely progeny might perhaps cement the ties of conjugal intercourſe, and tranſmit to their deſcendants the honourable record of a happy pair, who loved with vehemence, and married with reſolution. His own former *juvenilities* would be abjured and forgotten; and all future irregularities would be prevented, by the beauty of his wife, the care of his children, the novelty of his amuſements, and the importance of his ſituation. They were then, at the death of his father, to remove to town; his daughters were to be graces, and his ſons to be ſtateſmen. He had determined his third ſon ſhould ſtudy; his fourth ſhould travel; and, for the reſt, the army and navy afforded an ample proviſion. He hoped never to outlive his wife; one tomb might receive their aſhes,

and

and tell every caſual paſſenger the exceſſive ardour, and the uncommon longevity, of their mutual paſſion. On the marble ſhould be inſcribed, not the date of their deaths, but the account of their loves; and poſterity ſhould hail the conſtancy and affection, ſo delightfully blended in the family of Bruce.

Such were the meditations of this fervent admirer, when he was interrupted by the arrival of a man, who rode up, and, ringing violently at the gate, deſired to ſee Mr. Bryant, as he had a meſſage for him. The man was ordered to alight; and Mr. Bryant, when ſought for, was, after ſome time, found fiſhing in a diſtant part of the grounds. He came back to the houſe, and Bruce introduced the man, who told him, that Sir Edward deſired him to come immediately

mediately to town; that none of the party would leave London, as Lady Warynton and Lady Spelman were with his mother; and that Lord Warynton and Lord Spelman were both gone, with Sir Edward Bryant, in ſearch of Miſs Emily, who, after remaining in London eight days, had abruptly left her father's houſe that morning.

The countenance of Bruce would have betrayed him, even to a common obſerver, but Mr. Bryant's curioſity abſorbed his faculties till the narrative was finiſhed; he then ſeemed pretty well compoſed, and calmly obſerving, "Pon my honour, that's "rather a droll affair!" he ordered his horſes; told Bruce to get ready to accompany him, as well as his own ſervant; and then went to look for the fiſh which he had taken.

Bruce

Bruce was really in a dreadful agitation of mind; he had fallen, *from the ſummit of empyrean felicity, to the gulph of hopeleſs deſpair.* He inquired the particulars of the ſtory; the man was ignorant of all but what he had told. The unfortunate lover was therefore obliged to content himſelf, for the preſent, in a ſtate of ſuſpence.

He now, for the firſt time, felt the hardſhips of his ſituation; he viewed his livery as a badge of ſervitude, and as a reproach to his family; he reſented the freedoms of his fellow ſervants, and of Mr. Bryant, who, when the meſſenger arrived, was preparing to think of dinner, it being then near five o'clock. As they mounted, he inquired the hour: "She was miſſed, Sir," ſaid Bruce, "juſt after nine."

On their journey, Mr. Bryant called out,

"I'm

" I'm certain my mare has had an acci-
" dent." " Yes, Sir," replied Bruce,
" ſhe dropped her fan in the library; and
" left her watch under her pillow, where
" ſhe put it when ſhe went to bed."

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well plac'd words of glozing courteſy,
Baited with reaſons not unplauſible,
Wind me into the eaſy-hearted man,
And hug him into ſnares.

COMUS.

THE train of events which had produced Miſs Bryant's elopement, are now to be related. When ſhe left Lady Hyndley, ſhe remained but a ſhort time at Sir Edward Bryant's, for her ſituation in that houſe was not very agreeable. Many reaſons concurred to render her unhappy. Sir Edward's raillery, Lady Bryant's caprice, and the frequent interference of an impertinent woman, who was much liked by Lady Bryant, and made a very ill uſe of her influence

fluence in the family, by ſuggeſting every ſpecies of conduct which could deſtroy Emily's happineſs, and by producing endleſs differences between her mother and herſelf. This perſon was Lady Warynton, who was perpetually at Sir Edward's. There is not a character more uniformly unprincipled, or more flagitiouſly impudent, than the intruder on domeſtic peace. Lady Warynton ſlighted all conſiderations, except thoſe which related to her power and conſequence. Her huſband I have deſcribed, a noble and generous patron, yet a man of intrigue. She never was diſpleaſed at his amours; for as love had the leaſt ſhare of Lady Warynton's heart, ſhe did not exact it from others. To Emily ſhe had ever ſhewn a determined antipathy, excited by the luſtre of her beauty, the keenneſs of her reply,

reply, and the variety of her accompliſh-ments.

Sir Edward, when diſengaged from luxury, had a great regard for his daughter; but there was ever diſplayed in his conduct towards her a mixture of ſupercilious generoſity, which ſeemed to proceed rather from the ſenſe of parental duty, than the warmth of real fondneſs. He ſometimes admired her qualities, and praiſed her with the utmoſt politeneſs and formality. At other times, he attacked any little errors with all the vivid aſperity of wit and ſarcaſm. It was remarkable, that inſtead of beſtowing upon her thoſe domeſtic epithets, "*My dear—My Emily—Child*"—&c. &c. he always called her "*My friend!*"—or "*Miſs Emily.*" His love of raillery was, however, ſo ſtrong, that people ceaſed wondering

dering when they began to know him more intimately. Lady Bryant's verſatility of inclination was intolerable; and her peeviſh vexation at Emily's pre-eminence in every point, amounted ſometimes to fixed antipathy; and a quarrel frequently aroſe on the ſubject, between Sir Edward and her ladyſhip.

In the midſt of theſe domeſtic feuds, a new acquaintance betrayed Emily into the ſituation which is ſo frequently embraced by heroes and heroines of fantaſtic romance.

Henry Albin was one of the moſt dangerous characters that deprave the morals, and deſtroy the intereſts, of ſociety. His reputation was ſupported by an oſtentatious piety, which he diſplayed, every week, in a regular attendance at church; and his exterior

terior deportment perpetually manifeſted a *pure and upright heart.* But his private life was polluted with exceſſes of almoſt every kind. Skilful fraud, and luxurious gratification, conſtituted the viciſſitude of his nefarious employments; and it was perhaps difficult to ſay by which ſpecies of villainy the greateſt numbers had been undone, by the allurements of his houſe, or by the ſucceſs of his private rapine. His fortune was immenſely large; his connections were with people of rank, and frequently with people of virtue. His wife was a woman of equal ſkill, and, if poſſible, of worſe principles. The luſtre of youth and beauty added freſh power to her inſidious wiles; and ſo totally was her mind eſtranged from every ſenſe of honour and delicacy, that ſhe never ſcrupled to become the infamous pro-

moter of her huſband's intrigues. Some paſſages in Albin's life had been carefully detected, and would have been properly expoſed, but he appeaſed the fury of his perſecutors by complying with their demands of exorbitant bribery. His ſtyle of living, which was uncommonly gay, threw a ſplendour round the name and character of a man whoſe manners were eaſy and refined; and his perpetual appearance at church on the ſabbath, and on the principal feaſts and faſts, with a grave face, and a decent behaviour, had, with ſome of the blind bigots to extrinſic piety, totally expunged from his reputation thoſe foul blots with which it had been tainted. His bounty to the poor was very great. He ſubſcribed to hoſpitals, encouraged beggars, and had always a numerous train of thoſe

gentlemen

gentlemen penſioners who " take no thought " for the morrow." By theſe magnificent donations, however, he really did much good; and many families were reſcued from ruin, many uſeful inſtitutions ſupported, and much real benevolence excited in others, by the example of a benefactor, who was otherwiſe the vileſt of mankind.

Amongſt the victims to Albin's licentiouſneſs, was a young girl named Millar, who was couſin to Mrs. Lewſton, woman to Lady Bryant. Millar had been ſome time forſaken; and, after becoming the prey of her ſeducer, was, with the infamous barbarity, and unprincipled villainy, which too often attend the gaiety of a libertine, turned over to the bounty and the cruelty of ſucceſſive profligates: ſhe was devoted to indigence and infamy; but the kindneſs

of Mrs. Lewſton reſcued her from deſtruction.

Albin had met, admired, and at laſt ardently loved, Miſs Bryant. He wiſhed for her acquaintance; and would have introduced himſelf to her family, but feared that his wiſhes might, from ſuch an intimacy, be diſappointed. He knew not to what new artifice he ſhould have recourſe; when he at length received a letter from Mrs. Lewſton, who, after reproaching him with the ruin of her couſin, ſolicited, or rather demanded, a proper relief, in the ſituation to which ſhe was then reduced; and concluded by deſiring him to direct his anſwer to her at Sir Edward Bryant's. His aſtoniſhment and delight, at this intelligence, were equally powerful. He wrote word that " he was highly ſenſible how ill her

" couſin

" couſin had been treated; that he had
" long ſince *renounced all the pomps and va-*
" *nities of this wicked world, with all the ſin-*
" *ful luſts of the fleſh*; that he hoped his
" heavenly Father would forget what had
" paſſed between him and Kitty, as he was
" now become a new man, pure and un-
" defiled. To ſhew his reformation was
" ſincere, he incloſed a twenty pound note,
" which he deſired her to accept, and beg-
" ged to ſpeak to Mrs. Lewſton, at his
" own houſe, before eight o'clock that
" evening."

The woman's heart overflowed with pleaſure at the ſuppoſed remorſe and bounty of Albin. She concealed it from her couſin, and was punctually at Albin's by eight o'clock. She was introduced to him alone. Mrs. Albin was out; and he had dined

early, that he might be at leiſure to negociate the buſineſs of the evening. He teſtified "exceſs of happineſs and ſhame "at meeting this *good* woman." He talked over the beauty of her couſin, and her fine temper; but lamented that ſhe ſhould have loſt her influence over his heart at a time when he was the moſt conſtant creature alive. He then proceeded to flatter Mrs. Lewſton; commended her generoſity to Kitty Millar; poured forth a lively panegyric upon her fidelity, diligence, ſkill, and propriety of behaviour in the place which ſhe now occupied: he congratulated her upon her ſituation; talked of Sir Edward Bryant's pleaſantry, and Lady Bryant's faſhionable refinements; and thus, by a natural gradation, he made the tenour of the converſation arrive at Miſs Emily.

Before

Before Mrs. Lewſton's arrival, ſome exquiſite cates, and delicious *liqueurs*, had been carefully provided. Of theſe ſhe plentifully partook; and in two hours grew ſo communicative, that Albin, who treated her as his moſt familiar friend, was ſoon poſſeſſed of all the information he could poſſibly wiſh for. She was overpowered by the blaze of magnificence in his houſe, and the charms of condeſcenſion in himſelf; and before ſhe left him, thought he was not *quite ſo culpable* in the ſeduction of her couſin, but that Kitty was naturally abandoned, and juſtly deſerted.

Albin learned the whole ſtory of Bruce's attachment to Emily, as well as many others, not much worth relating; the letters he had written, the ſecrecy he had obſerved, and the refuſal he had received from

Miſs Bryant, were all detailed, with many idle interpolations, and conjectural falſehoods. The principal facts, however, were pretty accurately ſtated; and of theſe, Albin took all profitable advantages. By a few rich preſents he won the heart of Mrs. Lewſton, whoſe principles of integrity were ſo very old, that ſhe herſelf thought them now quite ſuperannuated, and choſe to employ them no longer.

He then promiſed an ample proviſion for her couſin; and pleaded his wife in excuſe for not taking her again. He hinted, very delicately, his reſpect for Miſs Bryant, and his fears leſt ſhe ſhould be induced to *do any thing amiſs*. "He had apprehenſions "about this Bruce; he knew him well, and "was ſure he was not at Oxford; he had "a letter of his in his poſſeſſion; and if

" Mrs. Lewſton would uſe her endeavours " to procure another, ſhould be glad to " compare the hand-writing." Mrs. Lewſton promiſed every thing; and after once or twice more ſacrificing to " *plumpy Bac-* " *chus with pink eyne*," ſhe appointed a meeting in two days, and tottered home.

Lady Bryant was at a rout; and Lewſton, who was not quite in a ſituation to receive her at her return, went to bed; leaving another female to attend her miſtreſs, and declared ſhe was very ill.

Her ladyſhip was very fond of this woman. She had lived with her many years; had never openly committed any miſdeed to forfeit her favour, but had ſerved her (as Lady Bryant ſuppoſed) with zeal and fidelity. Her honeſty was, however, really not great. She was diſliked by the domeſtics for

for her ill temper; but ſhe preſerved the friendſhip of the butler, and therefore, when offended by the reſt, ſhe retired to her own room, and *ſwallowed* the affront.

Emily was very partial to her; and in the hour of gloom and diſappointment, when ſhe had been harraſſed by her mother, laughed at by her father, and irritated by the impertinence of Lady Warynton, ſhe would repair to Mrs. Lewſton's room, and with many tears lament the cruelty of fortune, and the caprices of her family. She had no friend ſhe could truſt; and that weakneſs of judgment, which is incurred by vexation and adverſity, often betrayed her to make a confidante of Mrs. Lewſton; to relate her ſorrows, and confeſs her paſſions; to put herſelf in the power of one

who had no attachment, no ſincerity, no diſcernment, no ſenſibility, no education.

Theſe are ſome, among the many dreadful evils which ariſe from the unpardonable negligence of parents, in their domeſtic regulations. In parental duty, the art of *making home comfortable* holds a very high place; and thoſe who careleſsly, or purpoſely, omit this important requiſite to the welfare of their children, are certainly anſwerable for every folly, and every crime, which they are led to commit, by any corrupt ſociety into which they have been driven.

The implicit reliance with which the whole family regarded Mrs. Lewſton, gave her many opportunities of admiſſion to the cabinets and drawers of the two ladies. She ſoon found means to purloin three or four

of

of Bruce's early letters, which ſhe ſpeedily conveyed to Albin, who rewarded her aſſiduity with additional benefactions.

Of the hand-writing, the ſtyle, and ſome other neceſſary circumſtances, Albin ſoon made himſelf maſter; and then forwarded his plot, with a ſkill and perſeverance not to be excelled. He wrote ſeveral letters in Bruce's hand to Miſs Bryant; announced his own ſuppoſed departure from Oxford; repeated his declarations of love; and added, that his friend Mr. Albin had ſome knowledge of their mutual regard; that he was a man of the higheſt honour; and that, could he (Bruce) venture to town, where he was afraid to ſhew himſelf, leſt his father ſhould diſcover him, he would have requeſted the honour of ſeeing her for a few minutes at Mr. Albin's houſe. The letter continued for

ſome

ſome pages in a ſtrain of fondneſs and anxiety; concluding without any hint at what was mentioned in a future epiſtle. It was ſealed with Bruce's ſeal, as he had one cut in imitation of what was upon the letters, and conveyed to Emily by the care of Mrs. Lewſton.

The ſurpriſe and delight of Emily, at hearing from her admirer, carried her beyond the limits of propriety. She liſtened with pleaſure to the eulogiums which Lewſton laviſhed upon the generoſity of the Albins; and was at length perſuaded, in one of the airings which ſhe ſometimes took with this woman, to make them a viſit. They received her with a reſpect that flattered, and a cordiality that charmed her. She promiſed to repeat her viſits; and after being

being gratified by an account of Albin's acquaintance with Bruce, ſhe returned home, charmed with the moſt ſanguine proſpects of probable felicity.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

BRITISH MUSEUM 10 NOV 1900